

ONE DOLLAR

Bitter Sweet

WESTERN MAINE
PERSPECTIVES

APRIL, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY TWO

VOLUME FIVE, NUMBER FOUR



Swift River Canoe Races by C. W. Hersey

CANOE RACING IN MAINE

THE SECRETS OF FINNISH MASONRY HEATERS

BENNY & DENISE REEHL OF BUCKFIELD

FOCUSING ON THE VETERINARIAN

FICTION BONUS:

"The Day George Pottle Ate Turnip Pie" by Rebecca Cummings

"Clothespins" by Pat White Gorrie

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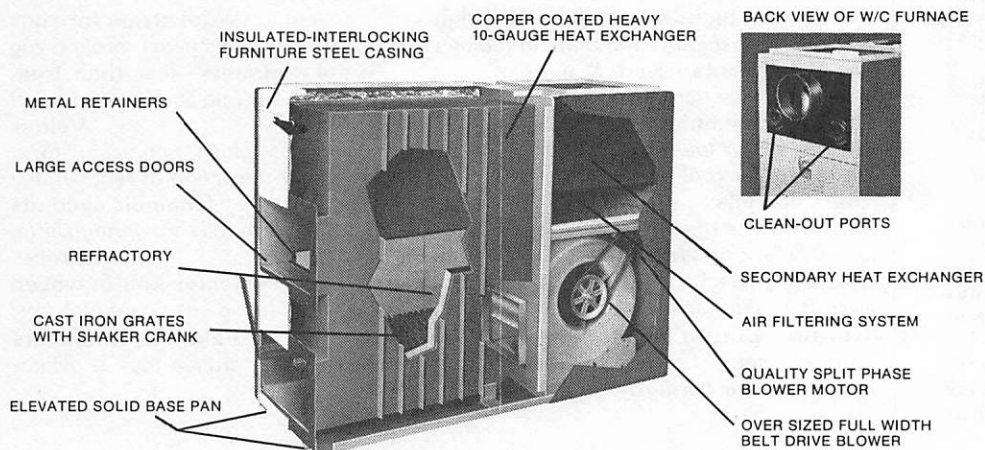
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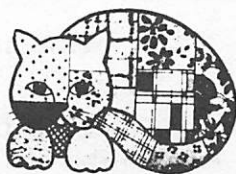
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Bitter Sweet Views

The other day I was journeying out into some unfamiliar territory between South Paris and Buckfield when I came across some unspoiled little roads with intriguing names like "Shedd Hollow Road," "Brock School Road," and "Horace Cummings Road." The travelling was precarious at best, what with the narrowness and iciness of the path between massive snowbanks; and when I got to a junction where the little green road sign said, "Darnit Road," I very nearly turned back!

If I had not kept on, however, I would have missed the delightful hour I spent with the Reehl family (see page 15) and their warm Finnish heater. Over mugs of tea, we discussed the state of our culture today in which uniformity has created a fear of being different which stifles the spontaneity and creativity in our lives.

Maybe it's Yankee prejudice on our part, but we often feel that uniqueness and spontaneity are still more alive here in Maine than in lots of other places in this world. Certainly, if Steve Busch had not recognized the unique efficiency of Scandinavian masonry heaters, he would never have started building them in homes all over western Maine (page 11). Undoubtedly, if the intrepid Finns had not dared to try a new world, we would not have the hearty souls among us whom one of their descendants fictionalizes on page 23. Canoe racers, poets, organ-builders, musicians, mimes, animal doctors, good cooks—all of the others who make our lives (and this issue) so rich would not exist if they hadn't dared to be different; tried to be new. We honor them this April: their rebirths and re-creations.

Whenever I hear someone say, "I don't think that belongs in BitterSweet," I feel the urge to say that *everything* belongs in BitterSweet if it is always to be as varied as the people who live here.

I am prompted to write this by a letter received in our office last week from Mrs. Barbara Farr of West Paris, portions of which follow:

"I have just heard some disconcerting news . . . I hear that you are considering changing the format of BitterSweet away from the historical aspect and more towards contemporary items; and possibly away from rural and more towards urban interests. Some city oriented things would make an interesting balance, but I believe the small town flavor should predominate. There were two things that were responsible for the original success of your magazine—the old time memories relived

Page 4 . . .

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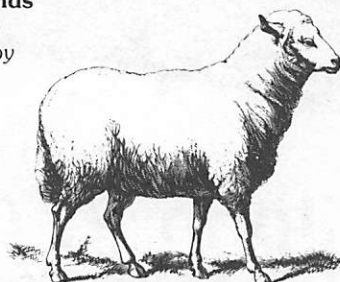
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Cover Photo

Swift River Canoe Racing
by C. W. Hersey of Rumford.

when reading it and the small-town rural country atmosphere within its pages. There are all kinds of contemporary upbeat magazines on the market. **BitterSweet** is unique and that's what we like."

As I told Mrs. Farr, I tell each of you—we will always be the magazine that we have been: historical as well as contemporary, at one time or another reflecting all the ages and lifestyles of our many readers. This is a commitment which the publishers have stressed and in which I, as a many-generation Mainer, believe.

None of this, however, means that there won't be some inevitable changes. One has already occurred: our deadline has moved forward to six weeks before publication. This means that ads and copy for our June issue must be in our hands by April 15th; it's already too late for May.

One other change which begins with the May issue is also a necessary measure. As with everything else, the cost of distributing **BitterSweet** has risen so astronomically that we have recently decided to take our magazine to a state-wide distribution system. This means that you will see our cover on the newsstands in many places where it has not been before; particularly supermarkets throughout western Maine.

Unfortunately, this also means that many of the small neighborhood markets where we have been placed up until now may no longer carry us. Some will. But, unannapily, some will not. We deeply ap-

preciate all the help and support we have had from village stores throughout the area, but we have no choice but to change if we hope to see **BitterSweet** survive and flourish. If you cannot find the magazine in one place, try another. And, of course, we always hope you will subscribe. You'll find a convenient subscription form on page 29.

Two other notes: we received more material on the subject of the support of the clothespin quota than on any other subject. In our own literary fashion, we bring you an interesting look at the ramifications of industry pressure in Pat White Gorrie's excellent short story on page 27. Secondly, we hope that you will begin to notice a new look about the pages of **BitterSweet**. Thanks to a new top-of-the-line computerized typesetting system at Western Maine Graphics, we will be setting type faster and with more ease, leaving us even more time for graphics and editing. It looks like a very exciting spring! *N.M.*

Ayah

DEFINITIVE DOUGHNUTS

Recently, I went into a bakery in Southern Maine and asked for two regular doughnuts. As I drove on down the road, I reached for a doughnut. Much to my surprise, I found cake doughnuts instead of regular. I was quite disappointed; to me,

cake doughnuts are a poor imitation of the real thing.

On my next trip into the bakery I discovered that what I call cake doughnuts are called just doughnuts in Maine. What I call doughnuts are called raised doughnuts here.

It is easy to forget that when we travel to another part of the United States there are cultural differences. I have a suggestion for Mainers who want chocolate doughnuts when they are in the southern U.S. Ask for devil's food cake doughnuts. I think you'll be surprised to find they are reasonably close to chocolate doughnuts in Maine. (A transplanted Southerner.)

Diane Barnes
Hiram

MUFFIN CORRECTIONS

I was surprised and pleased to see my page of recipes in the special winter issue of **BitterSweet**, as I had thought they wouldn't make it until spring. I have been kidded a lot about getting something printed once in a lifetime and on the wrong page. The table of contents lists me as on page 27 when actually I'm on page 31.

And in looking over the recipes, I find mistakes in ingredients . . . The Banana-Bran Muffins lists milk twice. 3/4 cup is the right amount and that's all it takes. The Squash Muffins lists milk as 1/2 cup and it should be 1 cup, plus 1/2 tsp. salt that was left out altogether. And the Coconut Carrot Bread should have 1 tsp. of cinnamon sifted with the dry ingredients . . . I'm hoping you can make a correction somewhere in the next issue, to save a few cooks a lot of grief.

Jerry Kimball
Hiram

Ed. Note: We're sorry about the errors and hope all cooks will change their winter recipes to the correct amounts.

NEW READERS

Enjoyed the issue very much as Jan and I have the previous four. Your magazine certainly brings back memories that are fun to re-live for country people. Congratulations to Rex Waite for his "Anna's Bell"—very short story but long on thoughts well expressed. I'm sure I've met his principal character many times . . .


The C.A. Stephens article was also very interesting. I can't imagine how I missed reading his stories as a youth. Maybe I was too busy reading World War I flying stories.

Edmond McCready
San Bernardino, California



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Homemade

MOLASSES - A SPRING TONIC!



These delicious cookies are made from an old-fashioned recipe once used by Stella Wentworth in West Peru.

FILLED MOLASSES COOKIES

1 cup melted or softened shortening
1 cup molasses
1 cup sugar
Mix well. Then add and stir:
1 egg
2 teaspoons vanilla
1/2 cup hot water.
Add:
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
3 teaspoons soda
4 1/2 to 5 cups sifted flour (enough to handle easily)

Roll out the dough and cut into circles. Put on filling and cover. Press the edges together and slit the top. Bake in a moderate oven.

Filling

1 1/2 cups chopped raisins or dates
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup water

Cook together until thick.

Marjorie Blick Gerdes
North Platte, Nebraska

NANA MERRYMAN'S JOHNNYCAKE

1 cup flour
1 cup cornmeal
1 egg
6 Tbsp. molasses
1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
1 tsp. soda
2 Tbsp. melted butter or oil
1/4 tsp. salt

Mix all ingredients and put into a greased 8"x8" pan or a divided cornbread pan. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes. Good served hot or cold. Traditionally served with baked beans or pea soup.

Jane Gray
South Waterford

MOLASSES MUFFINS

Makes 8 large or 16 small muffins.

1 egg (beat with a fork)
1/4 cup oil
1/2 cup molasses (beat all three together)

Pour in 1 cup flour, pinch of salt, 1 level teaspoon soda.

2 Tablespoons sour milk or buttermilk.

Beat well and add 1 handful of raisins. Bake in 350° oven for 30 minutes.

Helen Allen
Providence, Rhode Island

Our publisher's mother, Helen Allen, also sent us this unforgettable tale of a molasses experience:

BOSTON'S GREAT MOLASSES FLOOD

It was noon hour on January 15, 1919. The citizens of Boston were enjoying the warm sunshine on that winter day. Some of them chatted over their lunch boxes on freight-loading platforms along Commercial Street, west of North End Park. Horse-drawn drays clattered on the cobblestones beneath the elevated railway. Above the freight-loading debots and stables near Boston's inner harbor there loomed a giant tank, belonging to the Purity Distilling Company. It was fifty feet tall and 282 feet in girth, filled to the brim with molasses—2,360,000 gallons of it, valued at \$250,000.

At 12:41 a loud, grinding, rumbling noise came from the huge tank. Then there was a succession of reports, as from an enormous machine gun. Rivets had burst on the tank, like buttons popping off a vest, and the big tank fell apart. One whole side of the tank was hurled several yards away and catapulted into North End Park.

People walking along Commercial Street heard a strange hissing sound and looked up to see a towering wall of molasses rolling along at 35 miles an hour. Some were picked up by the rush of air that preceded the 14,000-ton flow and hurled several feet. Many were severely injured by heavy timbers and other debris that fell on them. Others just disappeared in the molasses.

As three long screeching alarms sounded, frenzied people ran in all directions, covered with molasses, which gave them a weird copper appearance. Some of them couldn't run, as their feet stuck fast in the street. Well-meaning bystanders waded in to help floundering victims and couldn't get out.

Horses struggled in the sticky goo. Dozens of them were smothered in their stalls as the flood approached and rose. Many were so severely injured as the stable collapsed that policemen had to shoot them.

As the molasses flowed relentlessly through the streets, it enveloped six wooden buildings and demolished them. It caused one three-story house to fly into the air and a portion of the elevated railway to collapse, lifting an express car from the rails. Cars and trucks were shoved in the river of molasses and wrecked.

First on the scene were sailors from the U.S.S. Nantucket, which was in port that day. They plunged into the wreckage and performed heroic rescue work. The U. S. Army sent military police and ambulances to assist the city's force. Red Cross nurses were quickly on the scene, wading knee deep in the molasses, helping to remove the injured and dead and offering hot coffee and doughnuts to the workers. As the syrup enveloped the North End

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firehouse, firemen jumped from the third-story windows to hasten the rescue work. Many of them were seriously injured.

Ambulances, manned by molasses-stained interns, carried away victims. It took nearly a week to recover all of the bodies. The toll was 21 people and dozens of horses drowned and crushed to death. The property damage amounted to more than a million dollars.

By mid-afternoon the tide had diminished. Hundreds of curious spectators slipped and slopped through the mess and tracked it all over the city. For days everyone who sat down in a public place or used a public telephone would stick to it.

The Fire Department washed the molasses into the sewers and the harbor. They used hydraulic siphons to pump the syrup out of cellars. It took months of scraping, scrubbing, and painting to clean up the mess. There are people in Boston today who insist they can smell a sweet sticky aroma around some of the older buildings in the North End.



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Take the excitement of canoeing through a difficult course in the river, trying to navigate around boulders and over drops. Add to this the challenge of going faster than the next canoe and you've got an up-and-coming sport which has only become organized in Maine during the last twelve years.

Canoe racing is fun to watch and thrilling to participate in. There is something really satisfying about getting through a difficult section of the river, perhaps even faster than someone else.

Types of Canoe Races

In the spring the snow melts and water rises in the streams and rivers. The spring run-off makes good whitewater out of the dry beds and boulders of summer. Canoeing is basically of two types: 1) whitewater, where the water gets white and frothy by going over drops and rapids (aptly named because they are rapid!); and 2) flatwater, anything that's not white, like lakes, or flat rivers, or even sections of the ocean.

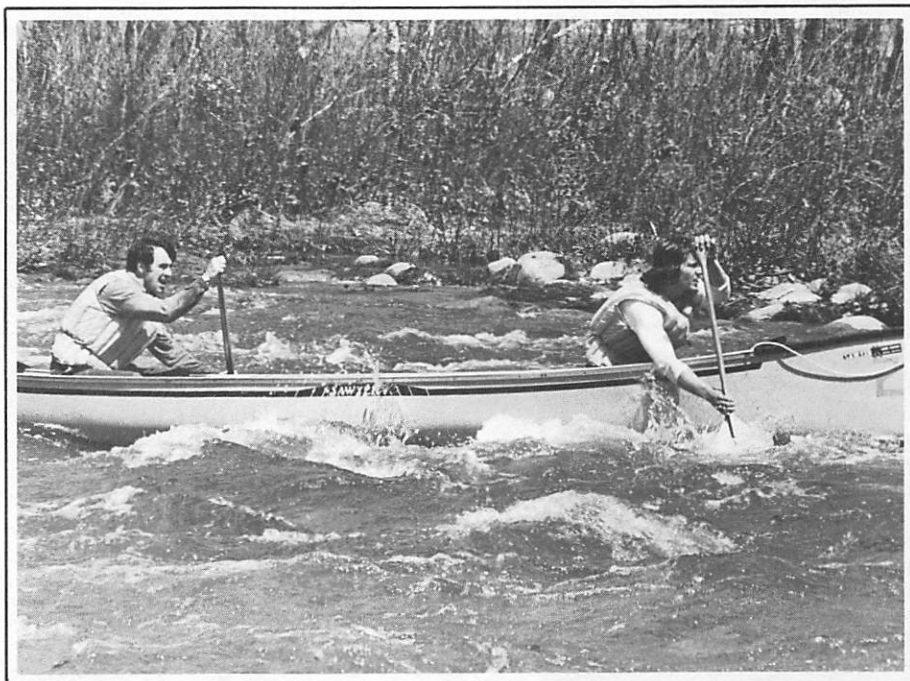
Slalom is a variation of whitewater, usually over a very short section of the river, negotiating through a set of "gates" suspended by wires over a set of rapids. Slalom depends on going through the course with precision as well as speed.

The difficulty of the river is described by its classification. Rivers are constantly changing patterns of water. Briefly, *Class I* is a shallow section of the water called rips where waves are formed by the current over the bottom. *Class II* rapids are caused by larger rocks where the waves are higher and require careful maneuvering. *Class III* rapids are heavy waves with a larger volume of water. They certainly require scouting and should be attempted only with the proper canoe and the ability to handle it. *Class IV* rapids are not for open canoes. The "haystacks" (large, standing waves) can easily swamp a canoe. *Class V* rapids are not navigable by canoe or kayak.

Canoe racing is for many ages and both sexes. Most races have classes divided by ability. Family class has one of the canoeists under 16. In Women's class, both partners are female. Mixed class is one male and one female. In Masters' class, both people are over 40. The Singles' class is for one person in a canoe, and

gling with the waves very close to the shore, or get really involved with either a tricky passage or a particular racer. And the spectators add to the excitement of the race for its participants. It is a lot more fun to talk about the race after it's over to someone who was right there, watching the whole thing.

CANOE RACING *by Jane Chandler*



A couple of racing enthusiasts canoe the Swift River race between Rumford and Mexico (Bill Hersey Photo)

Recreational class is for people who have not won a race before.

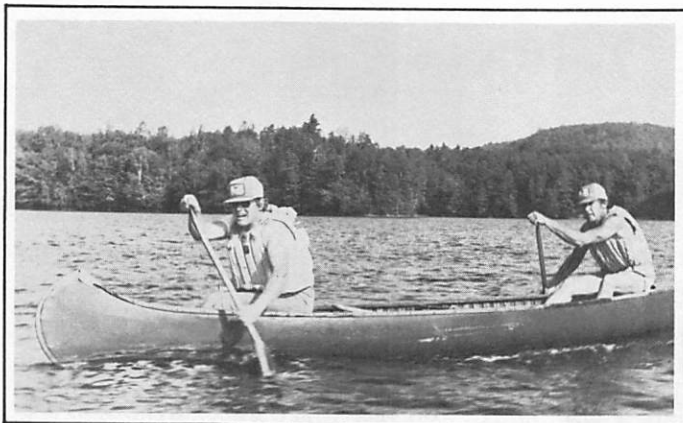
Canoe racing is an amateur sport, therefore there are no cash prizes. Yet most canoeists do it for the satisfaction rather than the trophy.

The Racing Spectator

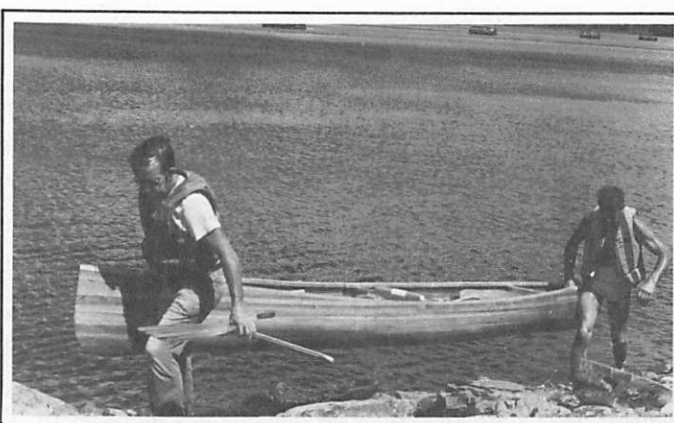
Spectators can have a really exciting time at canoe races. They can sit on rocks or a banking only feet away from the water. They can feel the excitement of the canoeist strug-

Local Canoeists

What kind of person goes in for this sport? Let's focus on two canoeists from East Bethel and find out. Sonny Hastings and Tim Carter, both of East Bethel, are local canoeing enthusiasts. They both enjoy the sport immensely, spending a good portion of their weekends in the spring and summer either racing or practicing. Sonny has been interested in canoeing for a long time. He built his first canoe when he was in the eighth



Tim Carter (front) and Sonny Hastings as they paddle together on the 40-mile marathon.



George Walsh (front) and Sonny Hastings as they get ready for a portage on the Kennebec River

grade. Sonny first tried racing in the Ellis River Race in Rumford in 1972. He has been racing canoes ever since.

"I can't paddle slowly," Sonny says, "I love canoeing, so why not race?" Sonny usually canoes with one of his five children. Struggling through a difficult race with one of his children builds mutual respect which lasts. "The family that works together, stays together." It's obvious that canoeing is a family affair in the Hastings household.

As for Tim Carter, he got the "canoeing bug" only four years ago from his friend Sonny. Now Tim has advanced to the point of operating his own business, Intervale Outfitters. "I sell canoes and accessories to maintain my own hobby," Tim says. It is a family hobby. Tim's wife JoDee races with me in the Women's class. Tim races with his young son John in the Family class for whitewater races and with Sonny in the Masters' class

for longer flatwater marathons.

His longest marathon was a 70-miler in New York State. That's a lot of canoeing in one day! John really prefers the whitewater races. It's fun to watch the two of them work together: Tim carries the canoe by himself in the portages; in the races, John sits right up front, drawing and cross-drawing like a pro to avoid the rocks.

Another aspect of canoe racing is the storytelling that revolves around each race. Tim is a great one for that art. Ask him sometime about going through "The Tubs" at the Swift River with a minister with whom he'd never canoed before! It takes a lot of practice to get to be good at racing with a partner, but the satisfaction of a good race is well worth it.

Local Race Descriptions

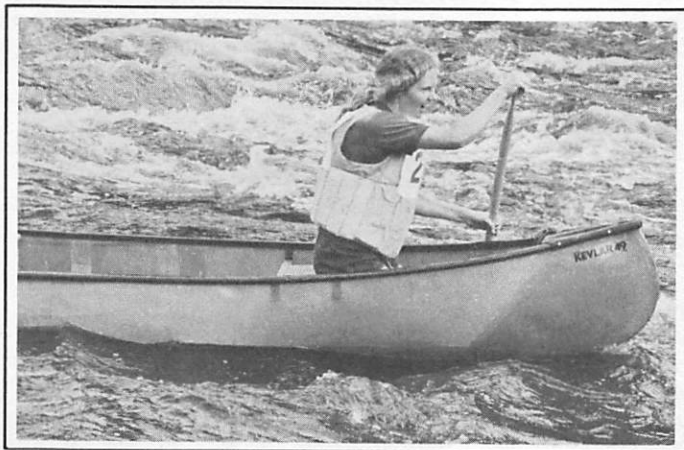
The Oxford Hills area offers many excellent whitewater stretches. Local

enthusiasts have organized races on many of them. One of the most interesting races to watch is the Swift River Race between Rumford and Mexico. The main race starts at 12 noon at the "Three Pools" near Roxbury. It provides several places for spectators to watch the canoes maneuver over the drop at Hale Bridge and the tricky S-shaped move at "The Tubs" (shown in the cover photo). It may seem easy watching the canoes and kayaks coming through, yet enough tip over or fill up with water to prove that it is very difficult.

When a tip-over occurs, the canoeists and kayakers have to dump the water and continue the race.

A fun race to watch is the "Pole, Paddle and Paw" race at Bethel's Sunday River Inn: the in-between sport race. It is the last cross-country skiing race and the first canoeing race of the year, with a little snow-

An unidentified canoeist certainly enjoys the race (Photo by Jane Chandler)



Whoops! Not all trips are successful—so canoeist dumps out the water and continues the race (Photo by Jane Chandler)





A kayaker comes through the rapids below The Tubs on the Swift River (Photo by Bill Hersey)

NO RESURRECTION?

Thoughts at Easter prompted by I Corinthians 15:12.

The earth lies "dead" 'neath winter's ice and snow,
And yet we know that spring will surely come.
How say some among you then, good friends,
"There is no resurrection of the dead"?

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," we trust;
The Right and Good persist in spite of hell;
Yet there are those who stubbornly maintain,
"There is no resurrection of the dead."

Their own dreams fade, but new dreams take their place,
And buried hopes somehow refuse to die;
And yet 'tis said with solemn certainty,
"There is no resurrection of the dead."

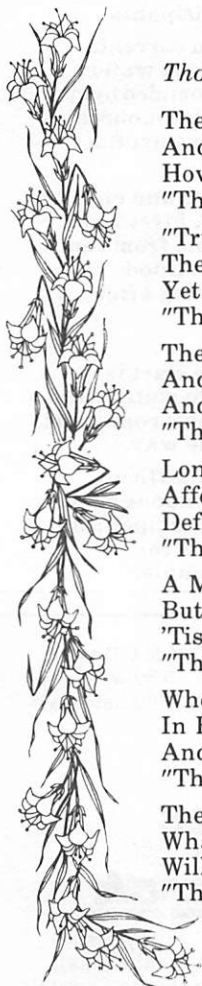
Long loved spirits, caged no more in flesh,
Affect our ways as surely as before,
Defying all those easy judgements that
"There is no resurrection of the dead."

A Man was slain two thousand years ago,
But daily still we measure life by His.
'Tis so! But could it be, if it were true
"There is no resurrection of the dead"?

Wherever two or three are met together
In His name, still He enters in their midst;
And in that Presence they will never believe
"There is no resurrection of the dead."

The truth is, Christ was raised and lives fore'er!
Whatever Christlike there may be in us
Will not be left forgot in some dark tomb—
"There is a resurrection of the dead!"

Rev. Kenneth V. Gray
South Paris



shoeing thrown in as an added feature to get the racers back to the Start/Finish line. Steve Wight never promises excellent conditions for any of the events, but he does promise a lot of fun and laughter for both spectators and participants. Two years ago I remember having to drag a canoe across the ice in sections of the river not yet open, then falling in up to my middle in the chilly river. It certainly isn't the usual type of race.

Tim Carter has organized a race on the Sunday River this year for the first time. The race will be on Saturday, April 3, starting at the "Letter S." It should be fun to watch. With all the snow this year, the water should be high and fast and cold! Wet suits are a must. That all means *challenging* to the avid canoeist. This race is *not* for beginners, although everyone is encouraged to come and watch.

The Ellis River Race is a flatwater race from East Andover to Rumford Point. The start and finish are the most interesting parts of this race to watch. Each team starts on land, jumps in a canoe, then paddles the eleven miles on the river. They then get out and drag or carry the canoe through the finish line 500 feet away.

I remember racing this one with my father, Bill Hersey. We planned very carefully where to put the canoe in. But we jumped in too quickly; the canoe tipped over and dunked us. It didn't take too long, however, to right the canoe and be on our way.

The Ellis is a good first race to enter because it isn't as difficult as some. It is specifically geared to the recreational canoeist. All racing canoes and racing paddles are banned from the race. Women and boys under 16 can enter a shorter race—only 5 miles starting at Howe Bridge.

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April and May are the best months for whitewater races. Frustrated white-water canoeists turn to flatwater for most of the rest of the season. Although some racers prefer flatwater marathons, I find them hard work without the thrill of the whitewater.

Dams control water levels and dam releases are what save white water for later in the season. The Upper Dead River has dam releases where the water is let out, bringing up the water level, for the last weekend of the months of May, June, July, and August. Memorial Day weekend race on the Dead River coincides with a dam release. Recreational canoeists can canoe on the river during the release dates throughout the summer. But I would only recommend it for the advanced whitewater canoeist.

The other whitewater found late in the season is on the Upper Androscoggin River near Errol, New Hampshire. The water level is constantly monitored by a series of five dams between Aziscoos Lake and Berlin, New Hampshire. It is a great place for anyone who wants to learn white-water techniques. Saco Bound offers lessons in both canoeing and kayaking throughout the summer. The Androscoggin follows Rte. 16 most of the way. If you happen to capsize, you're not far from help. And, believe me, we all have our turns tipping over.

The canoe race from Errol is particularly fun to watch, as it has a mass start. It is a lot trickier to canoe with everyone else in the class starting at the same, especially when everyone wants to be on the left going under the bridge (and not everyone can be there at the same time)! The long race goes from Errol to the Brown Co. bridge—thirteen miles. The short race in the afternoon is a sprint down the white-water section called the Ponthooks—two miles. Both races are clearly visible from the road.

The book *Canoeing* by Michelon and Ray sums up the sport aptly by saying, "There is enormous satisfaction in knowing you can compete with the challenge of the water. White-water paddlers aren't daredevils at all; they are people who enjoy solving problems."

The whitewater racer is taking that one step further, putting his/her skill on the line next to another team. Come watch a race, or even enter one. I'll warn you, the sport is contagious.

1982 SELECTED CANOE RACING SCHEDULE

Date	Type of Race	Name, Location	Length	Comments
April 3	whitewater	Sunday River - starts at "Letter S," Bethel	7 mi.	Lots of places to watch. Could be tricky, depending on water level.
April 18	whitewater	Carrabassett, Kingfield.	9 mi.	Good, quick water. Many places to watch.
May 2	whitewater	Swift River, Rumford. 9 a.m. beginners, 12 noon advanced	8 1/2 mi.	One of the most difficult to maneuver white-water sections. Fantastic location for viewing.
May 8	whitewater	Sandy River, Farmington	13 mi.	Tends to be shallow water. Not many good places to watch from. Good competitive race.
May 23	whitewater	Upper Dead, Eustis	14 mi.	Dam release—difficult, Class III rapids. Camping nearby for spectators and participants
June 6	whitewater slalom	Saco River Bartlett to N. Conway	12 mi.	Good current, Class II water, surrounded by spectacular mountains. Mass start fun to see.
June 6	flatwater	Ellis River, Andover to Rumford Point 9 a.m. men & mixed 1 p.m. women & boys	11 mi. 5 mi.	Starts and ends on land. First 7 mi. visible from the road. Good viewing after that.
July 11	flatwater	Androscoggin, Bethel to Rumford	20 mi.	Mass start is fun to watch. River follows road most of the way.
July 28	flatwater slalom	NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS, Lower Dead, Eustis	22 mi.	Very difficult, continuous rapids. Best competition as it is the nationals.



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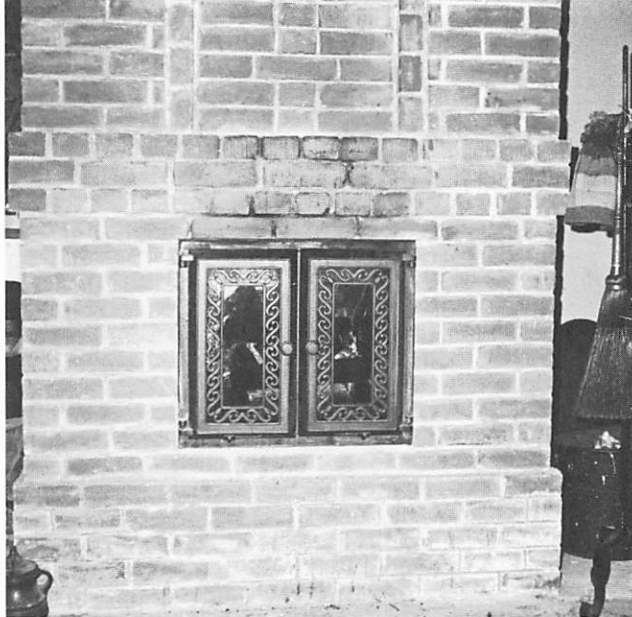
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Above: heat-accumulating fireplace with imported glass doors from Finland. Along with the pleasure of a viewable fire, 85-90% fuel efficiency.

Below: The option of natural stone in Benny & Denise Reehl's heater



FINNISH CONTRA-FLOW MASONRY HEATERS

by Steve Busch

Masonry heaters have been used throughout Europe for several centuries, providing a superior quality of wood heat. Many styles of heaters emerged, varying in flue configurations and construction materials, but all functionally very similar.

A masonry mass is built with a firebox and meandering flue pattern. Wood is burned very rapidly. The gasses travel through the flues or heat exchange channels, charging the mass with energy. After the combustion cycle is completed, a damper or blast gate in the chimney is closed. A soft, radiant heat beams from the mass, keeping the living space comfortable for 12-48 hours, depending upon heat-load conditions.

The masonry heater owner is freed from the continuous feeding of a wood stove or furnace and, while sleeping or working, has the security that no

fire is burning in his home. The high level of combustion and ability to store heat makes the masonry heater one of the most efficient, safe, and convenient ways to heat with wood.

In this century, Maine has become a leader in the U.S. in the construction of masonry heaters, principally through the efforts of three men. Basilio Lepuschenko of Richmond with his Russian fireplace and Sam Jaakkola of Otisfield with his Finnish fireplace have kept the old-world heater traditions alive. Both men have constructed or consulted on dozens of heaters. More recently, Albie Barden of Maine Wood Heat Co., Norridgewock, has established himself as a leader in the masonry

Busch is a mason who has studied the technique and builds the masonry heater.

heater movement. Being interested in all types of wood heat, Albie has spent the last several years designing, constructing, and writing about all styles of masonry heaters. His efforts have greatly increased public awareness and technical expertise in this field.

My own interest in heaters grew through reading numerous publications and hearing of local constructions. Having contracted to supply some sort of fireplace in the Benny and Denise Reehl home, I discussed with them the possibility of building a Russian heater in the basement with a conventional fireplace upstairs. We decided to build a Finnish fireplace in the living space which would serve both as major heating plant for the home and an open fireplace.

Shortly after the completion of the Reehl heater, my mother took a trip to



Under-fire and firebox. Hot water systems can be installed in masonry heaters, with caution



Base channel layout. The cross-ways channels are the primary downdraft channels. At back is the exit to chimney; at front the primary air feed

The highest level of combustion and ability to store heat make the masonry heater one of the most efficient, safe, and convenient ways to heat with wood.

Finland to visit relatives. In Helsinki, she met with Heikki Hyytiäinen, architect and chief designer of masonry heaters in Finland. He graciously shared his time, and supplied me with dozens of high-quality blueprints and information on mortar and expansion problems. The good news came last spring that Heikki was coming to the U.S. Albie Barden's Wood Heat Co. had arranged for Heikki to participate in a workshop on Finnish heater construction.

The heater workshop took place in the Camden area. Masons from the East Coast and Canada attended and built a Finnish heat-accumulating fireplace. It became apparent after Heikki's first day lecture that the Finns are very serious about heater construction and gaining world supremacy in this art. The Finns have formed a coalition between the government, brick manufacturers, a casting company, and a mortar firm. Through this coalition, Finland has greatly expanded their research and construction of masonry heaters. Tens of thousands have been constructed annually. Several training centers have been established where both novices and experienced masons can improve their skills. Heater construction has led to increased business in several industries. Its labor intensive nature has provided new

employment for thousands of contractors. The final product adds to a decentralized low-pollutant energy base.

This combining of efforts also allowed Heikki to publish his book, *Muuratut Tulisijat* (Masonry Heaters). This is the most comprehensive work on the subject I have seen. It discusses their history and evolution from the bake oven, through the earliest contra-flow designs, materials, wood combustion, and construction details.

Brick by brick prints of many heater options are illustrated, along with plans for kitchen stoves, bake ovens, sauna stoves, and centrally located complexes containing any combination of these.

Although many styles of heaters are being constructed in Finland, the contra-flow principle is employed in all designs. This principle was invented by a Swedish architect in the 1850's. In the contra-flow system, wood is burned in the lower portion of the heater, reaching temperatures of 800-900°F. As the gasses travel upwards they are squeezed at the throat. At this point, secondary combustion air can be introduced. The presence of fresh, super-treated air and the increased turbulence of the gasses have established good conditions for secondary combustion, which increases efficiency and reduces creosote.

The gasses then continue up the "fire tube" to the top of the heater and reach their highest temperature of 1800°F.

The Finns believe that this long upwards burn is essential to accelerate the combustion of the wood to a nearly complete level. The gasses now spill down the heat exchange channels, transferring their energy to the side walls. They collect under the firebox and exit backward into the chimney between 350 and 400°F. This upwards burn and downwards exchange is the contra-flow principle employed in Finnish heater construction.

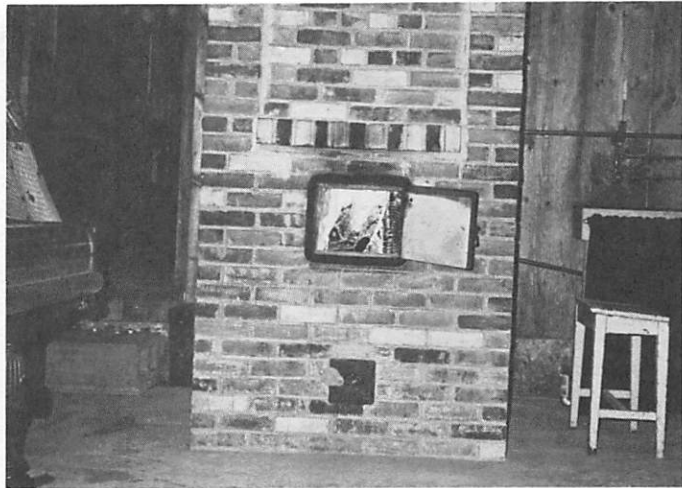
Wood, like any other fuel, must be combusted fully in order to liberate the maximum amount of energy.

Masonry heaters are only a part of the trend towards high combustion in wood heat. Rapid burn and storage is also applicable to hot water heating systems. A large tank of water is used as thermal mass along with a high-combustion boiler such as the Dumont inspired by Dr. Dick Hill of the University of Maine. Along with the advantages of efficiency, convenience, and the reduced pollution and creosote relative to slow burn systems, high combustion/mass wood heat systems are readily integrated into solar designs. The mass can perform a second function as a solar heat sink.

Care should be taken in the con-



The door during construction: separator plate and baffle which preheats air to be sent up a slot in the chimney throat and used for secondary combustion



The George Family Piano Co. heater—a typical masonry heater—different from a heat-accumulating fireplace

The upwards burn and downwards heat exchange is the contra-flow principle employed in Finnish heater construction.

struction of a masonry heater and the choice of materials used therein. Successful heaters have been built from both brick and stone. Stone is the hands-down winner for low-cost owner/builder construction, but its labor-intensive nature precludes its widespread use. It is also more difficult to establish both physical and chemical bond strength with stone than with brick. For these practical reasons, brick is most widely used. Double brick construction is required in most areas to meet building codes.

Regardless of your choice of brick or stone, soft mortars (such as high lime mixes) are superior to highly cementitious and brittle mixes (such as masonry cement).

In Europe, clay mortars are preferred for heater construction. The Finns have developed a clay based mortar called *uunilaasti* (stove mortar) which resists deterioration from heat and is pliable enough to allow the heater to flex somewhat during its cycles of expansion and contraction.

Fireboxes should be constructed from firebrick laid in refractory cement. All capping slabs also encounter great thermal stress and should be made from large firebrick tiles or castable refractory cement. Space must also be left for the firebox to expand or cracking can result. The Finns accomplish this by running a

thin sheet of mineral wool in places where the refractories contact the main shell of the heater.

The heater contains several metal parts. Damper, blast gates, and bypass flues (used in fireplace models) are generally custom-made and should be of high-quality steel. Doors can also be fabricated from steel although cast iron is preferable. There are a few domestic doors available (often of poor quality), but the Finns have developed an extensive line of high-quality castings for a wide range of heaters.

Although masonry heaters cannot fulfill everyone's energy needs, they are taking their place among the "appropriate technologies" which employ the use of renewable resources for energy production. Along with sharing their technical expertise, the Finns have shown us that through cooperation, widespread use of decentralized appropriate technologies can become a reality.

Employment and improved business activities have been a result. In the U.S., however, no such serious effort has been made. While subsidizing centralized, capital-intensive energy production, we have all but stripped funding from appropriate technologies, leaving their further development to the private sector.



A chimney with herringbone brick pattern and Upo castings from Finland shows the wide range of aesthetic possibilities.

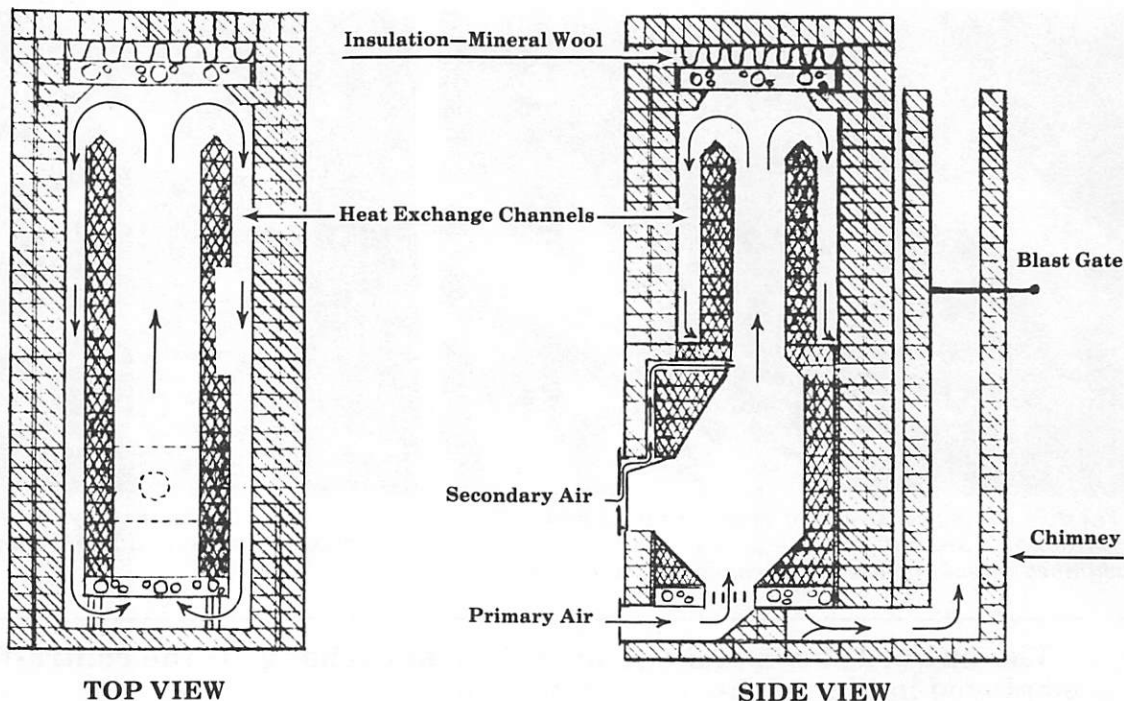
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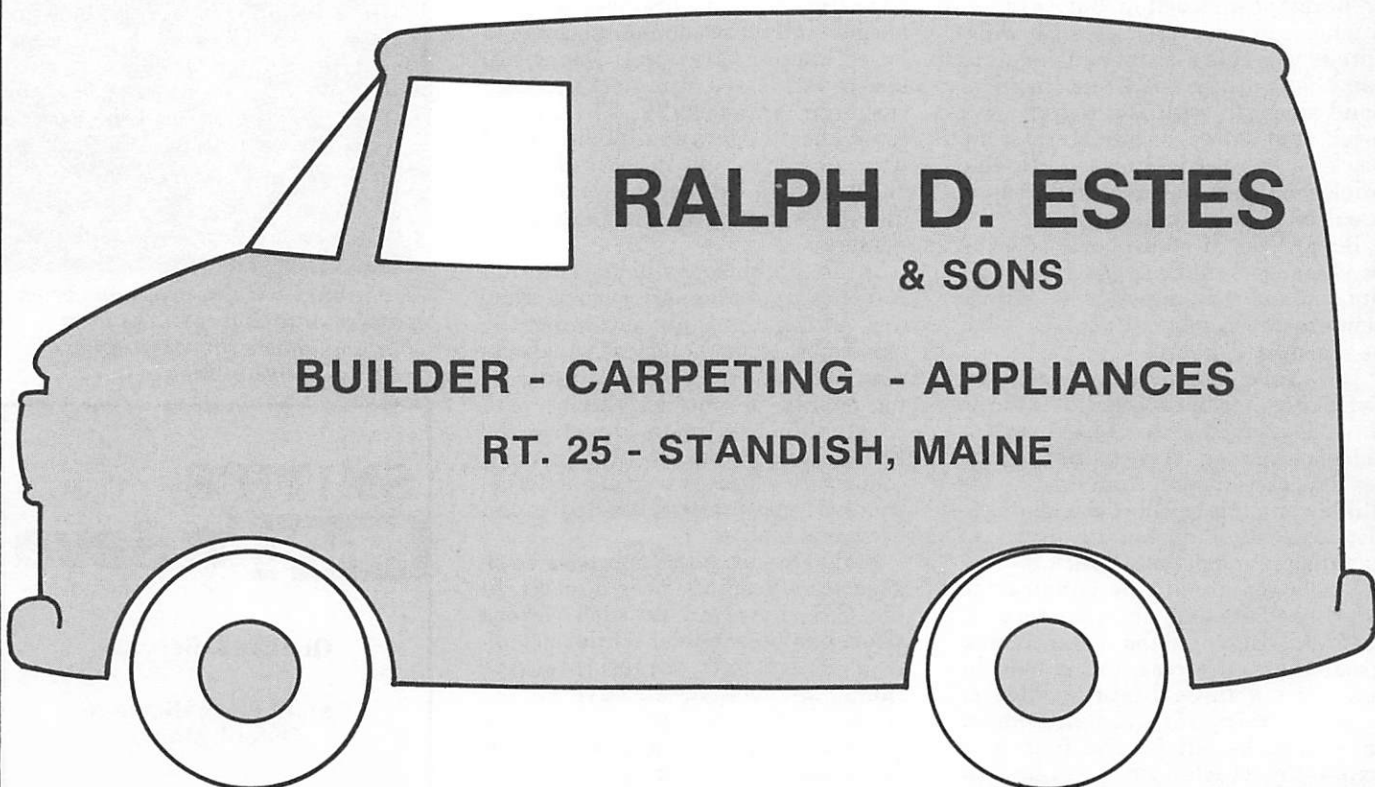
DIAGRAMS:

People interested in more information on masonry heaters or other appropriate technologies to ensure their own energy futures may contact The Back Forty, Buckfield, Me. 336-2021.



FINNISH CONTRA-FLOW MASONRY HEATERS

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And one Buckfield family who lives with their masonry heater:

Benny & Denise Reehl

A Little House On The Benson Place

by Nancy Marcotte

They came from the Adirondacks ten years ago to work with Tony Montanaro at the Celebration Mime Theatre. They stayed to build a home and a business in Buckfield.

Now Benny and Denise Reehl are involved in a myriad of projects and planning even more. And, as Benny says, "It's hard to think that Maine was ever *not* your home."

They both agree it is the tremendous support of the "community of Maine" that is the reason for the success of their *Buckfield Leather 'n Lather Travelling Variety Show*—a restored Reo truck in which they travel, perform, and sell their popular leather goods. It is a routine which richly showcases, among other things, Denise's exquisite mime talent and Benny's knack for finding creative material among obscure poetry of 1890-1940 and from the writings of rural humorists like Holman Day and Mark Twain.

When they're not on the road, the Reehls are at home in their two-year-old pegged post-and-beam house up on the windy "Benson Place" in Buckfield. There in the place they built largely of native ash, hemlock and cedar, they and 15-month old son Devon enjoy the life they've created for themselves in Maine; especially their Finnish masonry heater (see page 11). They say they'd never again build a house without one.

"It's magic," says Benny. "It's a new idea, but an old idea." Fired once a day for a wide-open burn, their massive stone chimney keeps the house at least 60° for 24 hours and allows them the freedom to go away and work. South-facing windows and a stunning view contribute to the warm atmosphere. Here his teenage children from a former marriage visit. Here they also work on the business which contributes about 30% of their income—beautifully-made leatherwork. They continue to sell their popular plant-leaf duster by mail and soon will be

offering mainly sheepskin products for retail purchase. They're picking up all the options.

"It's been an exciting year," Denise says. "After ten years of touring—a new baby. It's been a new experience." It's obviously one on which she thrives; but she isn't resting on her laurels. Denise Reehl is currently involved with directing the Buckfield High School Drama Club.

Benny, of course, is now guiding the biennial Oxford Hills community musical (this year "Guys and Dolls"). It's a project he relishes because every two years it's like "starting fresh" with a talented local cast and a classic older Broadway musical (It's hard to find good new shows, he says) to create very professional performances.

But there are many more projects. Just back from a solo tour of Florida, Benny prepared a show for WCBW called "Snapshots of the Kids" (seen in March). Then they began working on something called "The Cabin Fever Cure-all" (an outgrowth, Benny says, of the "Leftover Turkey Review")—a vaudeville-style show which includes other former Celebration performers Claire Sikoryak and Jud the Jester. The list continues: commercials; directing the People To People dance troupe in Camden; residencies at schools in Dixfield, Fryeburg, Lakes Region, at which Benny does old-time radio drama, stories and monologues for elementary-age kids. And they're planning to build an earth-sheltered rehearsal studio on their property eventually.

This dynamic team affirms there is no real lack of work: "In Maine, interesting things are happening . . . there's a good exchange among performers" and arts sponsorship is becoming more professional. The difficulty is finding a balance between performing and creating time—to write new material, rehearse, plan.

They see live performing entering a

new era. With VTR's and video cassettes, family life in this country settles more and more around the t.v. In reaction to that, they feel it's more important than ever to offer good live entertainment so people will come out and see it.

"It's a shared experience when the audience learns to respect the performer and the performer offers a unique personal exchange with the audience," Denise explains. Benny thinks multiple-function social gatherings are coming back: quilting bees, dinner/dances, and so on.

"There's a whole new genre of popular entertainers that college theatre departments don't know exist," says Benny, who has an M.A. in Theatre. He is "amazed at the people in 'legit' theatre who think you're from Mars or that you couldn't possibly be working (up in Maine). All they see is to train people either to be teachers or to go to New York. But to make it on your own, you have to do more than imitate a technique. Then you're just an imitation of an imitation."

Page 32 . . .

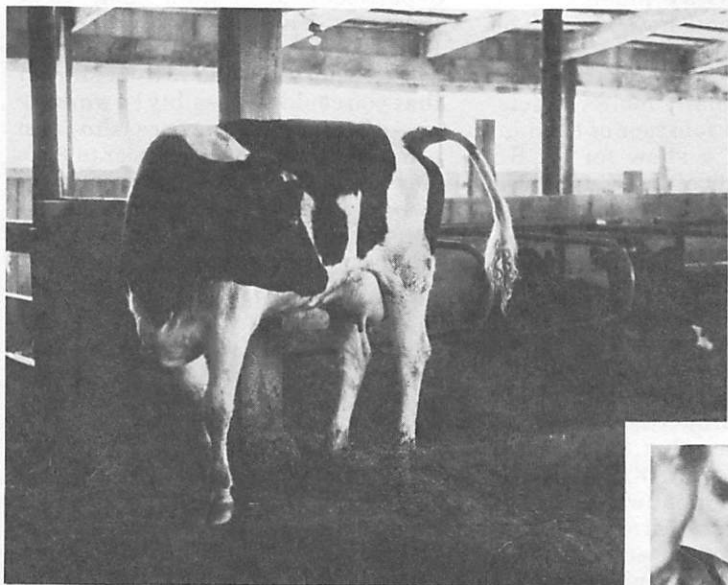
Devon, Denise & Benny Reehl



A Veterinarian's day is seldom ordinary; never the same way twice—as these photos of South Paris vet Dr. Matthew Holden show. At top right, Dr. Holden

listens to a cow's respiration and rumen (stomach sounds). The cow is restrained in a milking stanchion.

Below, a Holstein cow from a Lovell herd stands in a free-stall shed (where the cows are free to move about as opposed to being secured in stanchions). Below, another regular chore for the vet on a dairy farm is horn removal, here being performed on a young Holstein heifer (female calf) with the help of a local anesthetic to prevent pain.



*Photos by
DoDo Knight*

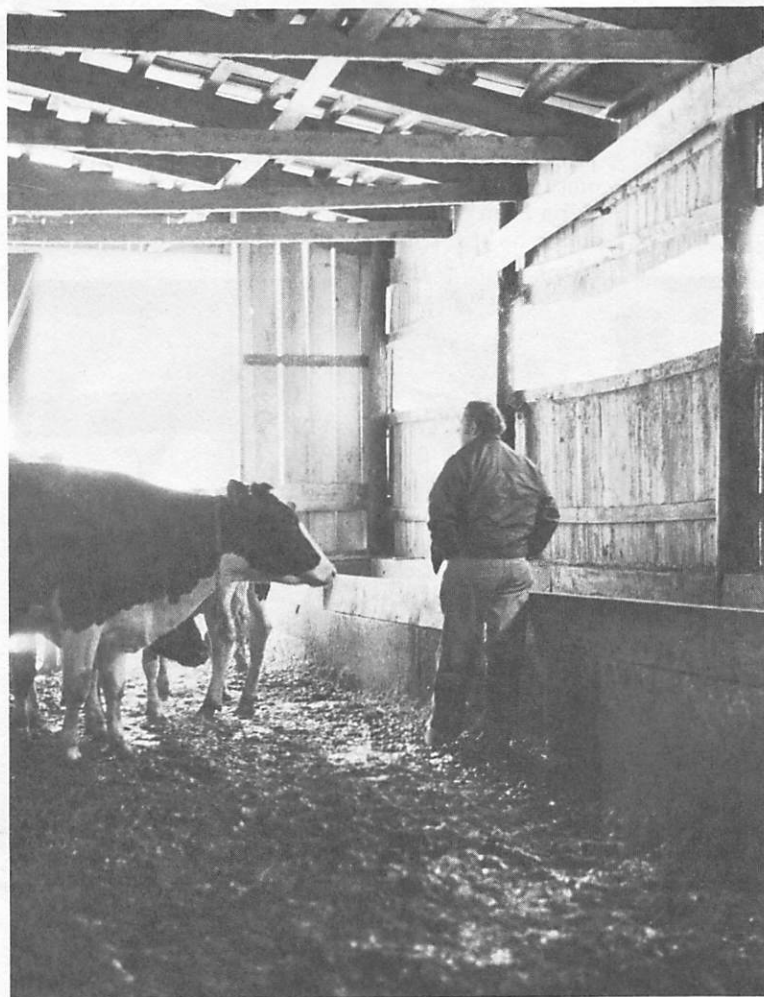
Lovell photographer DoDo Knight followed the vet on various farm calls to do a photo story for the S.P.C.A.

More of her sensitive animal photography will appear in an upcoming issue of **BitterSweet**.





THE VETERINARIAN'S DAY



Above left, Dr. Holden of Paris Veterinary Clinic strolls through a Lovell cowshed, looking over a dairy herd. Top right, Papa Ram's horns are growing in an abnormal direction—one is headed for his eye and the other for his cheek. Here, Dr. Holden checks the severity of the threat. Bottom right, administering IBR (Infectious Bovine Rhinotracheitis) vaccinations—a vaccine which has to be sprayed into the cow's nostrils, and which the cows fight more than the hypodermic needle. **More photos on the next page . . .**





Another vet call for Dr. Holden involved the pictured sheep family in South Paris. Above, Papa Ram condescends to pose with his new son, who still trails a soft umbilical cord.

Baby Lamb, just a few hours old, here stands in front of his mother (above). Below right, Dr. Holden palpates the ewe's udder, checking for mastitis and opening up the nipples so the lamb can nurse.



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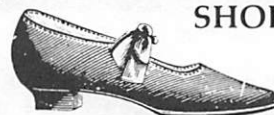
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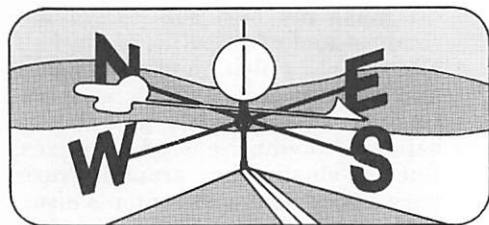
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Thinking Of Country Things

by John Meader

Nine Day Wonders

The nine-day wonders of the seed catalogues never cease. This is not to devalue the real, substantial introductions that appear from time to time; the Sugarsnap snowpea, for instance, or the Sungold waxbean. But every year some new plant variety is touted to the sky until it proves of little value.

Several years ago the nine-day wonder was a new kind of bean. It bore the beans on stems above the leaves which of course greatly facilitated picking; no more hunting among the foliage. Only problem was, the beans were fibrous and unpleasantly tough.

A squash named Kuta was last year's shiny bubble. It was played up as being the first squash that could be eaten as a summer squash, or kept as a winter one. I ate one in summer and it was quite acceptable. As a winter squash, Kuta sure did keep: it has a shell that I had to broach with an axe. The contents? Stringy, watery, and nearly tasteless. Fit only to be fed to the hens. Another burst bubble.

The new one this year is Explorer, a potato that can be raised from seed. Considering the problems farmers have getting good, blight-free seed potatoes, this departure has some promise. The drawback has been that seed-grain potatoes tend to be rather indifferent croppers, producing smalls and mediums and not many good bakers.

This would seem to be the case with Explorer. Stokes' Catalogue describes it as "providing a wide range of sizes." The catalogue from Johnny's Selected Seeds has a very sensible write-up regarding Explorer, pointing

out, among other things, that the variety is rather late to mature—up to 120 days. Johnny's recommends "that customers try them on a trial basis only."

But it is the greenhouse owner, the grower of transplant-seedlings for sale, who is the real target of Explorer; and you and I only secondarily. The notion is this: along with tomato, pepper, and cauliflower plants, why not sell flats of potato plants, twelve to a flat, say, at a buck-eighty-nine, say? Add to the product-line, increase the profits.

Let us examine this proposition as it may affect our pocketbooks. For ninety cents (Johnny's) or a dollar thirty (Stokes) I can buy a packet of approximately forty seeds and start my own plants. But, taking into account the cost of soil mix, watering, heat, space, and just fooling around, I may actually spend four or five dollars for those forty plants. So perhaps a flat of twelve for one-eighty-nine makes just as much sense.

However, and obviously I was leading up to something, I can also take the one-eighty-nine and buy six pounds of certified seed potatoes, and plant something like seventy hills of potatoes. I know they won't take any 120 days. I will also know that I should enjoy a crop of good-sized potatoes, with just a few small ones thrown in for soups.

And if I really want to flout the economics, I can use the trick of one of my father's acquaintances (I think I got this story straight) who lets his seed potatoes sprout, then snaps off the sprouts and plants them in jiffy pots, transplants these into the garden

once they're well rooted, and in the meantime eats the seed potatoes.

But if somebody should wish to pass on some Explorer seed, I'd like to try it, "on a trial basis only," of course. Because, with gardening, one never knows.



Starting Your Own

Lots of folks who'd hardly describe themselves as green thumbs nonetheless every year start their own tomato plants. It's one way of saying that spring's coming, we think. It's a sensible practice too, for it's economical and one gets the varieties one wants—not just whatever the local greenhouse happens to have.

Starting your own has another factor in its favor. You can manage the business in such a way that your plants will be the right size and growing well when transplant time comes around. This point deserves emphasis. A small, sturdy, growing plant is worth two sprawling, leggy plants that are growing poorly because they've gotten too big for the flat. The large plants will suffer far greater shock at transplant, and may take several weeks to recover, while the small plants will quickly recommence growing and will surpass the large ones.

Studies have shown that for northern New England and for Canada, tomatoes do best when started five to six weeks before transplant. This, I realize, doesn't quite agree with the recommendations one frequently reads of seven to eight weeks. But I'm convinced that five to six is best, and I'm disposed now to shoot for five. Last year, due to unsettled weather, I had to hold on to my six-week plants and they got too large and took a bad beating from warm, windy weather.

Windy days and chilly nights can be very hard on young tomatoes and peppers. Black plastic helps to hold the soil temperatures up. Rubber tires gather some heat and protect some-

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what against wind, but I should think weeding would be troublesome. Good success has been had in North Carolina where tomatoes were set in black plastic and then walled around with what is described as being like a large milk-shake container with no bottom. This container protects against winds and on cold nights it holds a pocket of warmer air. Transplants have come through 26°F without damage.

A virtue of tomato seed is that it's relatively easy to start; it will tolerate fairly cool soil while peppers are fussy about warm soil and eggplants more so. But from time to time gardeners have seen seedlings come up and then very quickly keel over and die. This phenomenon is called "damping off."

Damping off is caused by a fungus disease that has developed in the soil, and is particularly bad in cool, moist soils. There are several paths that one can take to avoid damping off. The soil mix can be sterilized by passing steam through it or by baking it at 180°F for thirty minutes. But baking is a stinky business and tends to concentrate soluble salts that may harm plant growth.

A second option is to treat the seed with captan or with arasan; a light dusting of arasan is very effective. A third option is to cover the soil surface with shredded sphagnum moss. In any case, one should avoid over-atering.

PERENNIAL POINT OF VIEW

M'Lou & Peter Terry

**ANNUALS, VEGETABLES
& MINERALS —
WE HAVE THEM ALL!**

Pond Rd. Bridgton 647-8084

I make my own soil mix. I use compost and vermiculite, about half and half, to which I add wood ashes and superphosphate. Anyone operating on a small scale probably is better off buying prepared soil mixes. But one should shop around. Prices vary a good deal, and contents also.

Most prepared soil mixes contain ground peat, sand and perlite, or vermiculite. And sometimes nothing more. This is important to note, for none of these three principle ingredients provides useful nutrients in any meaningful quantity. And unless lime has been added to the mix, it may well be unsuitably acid. One should seek out a soil mix that is clearly labelled as to contents. In addition to sand and peat and perhaps perlite, one would like to see lime, superphosphate, some form of nitrate, and some form of potassium.

My method of providing nitrogen and potassium to seedlings is by adding it to water and applying it to plants about weekly. I use a tablespoonful of 20-20-20 commercial fertilizer to each gallon of water. Another approach would be to make a manure "tea." It wouldn't hurt to throw some woodashes in with the manure and water.

For starting times, I've mentioned five to six weeks for tomatoes. Eight weeks is about right for peppers, but they want warm nights to do well in the field, so I don't transplant before June 15. For the members of the cabbage family, five weeks is good; no more than that for cauliflower which tends to be tricky.

For cukes and melons and summer squash, three weeks is best. You don't want large plants—too much transplant shock. I start these vegetables in quart cottage cheese containers—two plants per container. Thus it is easy to transplant without disturbing roots. Celery and onions should be started ten to twelve weeks before transplant.

When it comes to setting the precious things into the soil, I apply a starter solution of 20-20-20, same mix as above, watering the plants in thoroughly. This helps to keep them growing well; for plants don't respond well to being checked or shocked.

Buckfield writer John Meader farms with a great deal of scientific testing and expertise. He shares it with us regularly in this column.

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In the "great fire" of 1894 which destroyed much of the town of Norway, the Second Congregational Church, then located further down Lower Main Street toward the location of the present Stephens Memorial Hospital than it is today, was also consumed. Church records state: "It caught from the top of the steeple and burned slowly down, but nothing was saved as everybody was at work elsewhere. Insurance, \$7,000."

The building which is the church today was built the following year, on the corner of Main and Paris Streets. The land was purchased from Mrs. Almira Wrisley, who also donated \$500 toward the purchase of a new pipe organ sometime following the dedication of the new building on February 28, 1895.

Mrs. Nancy O. Longley, for many years the organist of that church, has written a monograph on the history of that organ and on the subject of tracker organs in general, from which this is excerpted:

manual to G an octave and a half higher.

The remaining facade of the organ case is made of oak and there are two manuals and a pedal board. There is a



use and situation of each instrument.

The Second Congregational organ, to the best of our knowledge, was supplied with wind by water power, a pump for the purpose being located in the church basement. There was, however, in addition, a lever attached to the mechanism in the organ chamber which could be used for pumping air manually, should there be an emergency. Sometime, probably in the second decade of the 1900's, the blower and electric motor now in use were installed. The lever came in handy at least once, probably more often, when electric power failed; but it was removed in 1964 when the organ was rebuilt.

The organ was built with common specifications of the 1890's—a combination of 8' manual stops, a 4' flute harmonique tone, and a couple of 16' Bourbon stops. To a person knowledgeable about the instrument, this means that the sound was dull rather than brilliant, probably not the best for adequate accompaniment of con-

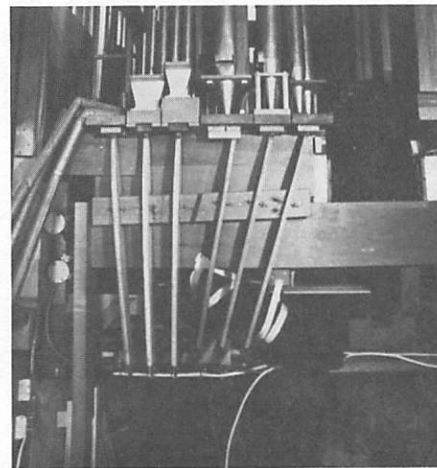
THE EMMONS HOWARD TRACKER ORGAN

at Second Congregational Church, Norway

by Nancy O. Longley

There seem to be no records as to who decided on the choice of builder or the progress of the work. South Paris First Congregational Church has an Emmons Howard organ which may be slightly older, so perhaps Emmons Howard seemed a good choice for Norway as well. Mrs. Horne (formerly Fannie Holmes from Lapham's Centennial History of 1866 fame) was organist in the old church and the new, until the 1930's; she had the organ built to her specifications. There is no record of the cost of the organ or when it was first used . . .

The new Emmons Howard was a sturdy well-built tracker organ which filled quite a lot of the organ chamber space and had a case facade of pipes attractively displayed. All but 15 of these pipes are speaking pipes of the 8' Diapason family (a principal flue stop in an organ extending through a complete tonal range of the instrument)—the basic characteristic organ sound. Seven pipes in the case on each end are dummies, as is the middle pipe of the entire rank. The longer the pipe, the deeper the tone. The sounds range from the lowest C on the



swell pedal, whose function is to open and close shutters or louvers in the front of the organ pipe box.

Mr. Emmons Howard was a manufacturer of pipe organs in Westfield, Massachusetts from 1883 on. The firm considered their special designs and blending of sounds to be a fine art. Each organ was built individually, measured and fit to the church in which it was to be placed, the scale and balance of pipes arranged for the

gregational singing (congregations not being willing to sing unless they can hear the upper pitches) but adequate for choir singing and organ solos.

The organ remained in remarkably good, sound condition. The old principles used in its building explain why so few repairs were necessary, but it was also advantageous that from the time the church was built until the mid-1950's, the sanctuary was unheated except when services were held. This prevented drying cracks in the wind chest and wooden pipes.

On March 13, 1963, Andover Organ Co. acknowledged receipt of a signed contract to begin work on the rebuilding of the organ and said that they would be ordering pipes soon. Their men actually began coming to the church for measurements and preliminaries probably not before early 1964 and the bulk of the work was done that summer. Parts of the instrument were usable throughout the summer and on Sunday, November 8, 1964, an observance of the completion of the rebuilding of the church organ

was held, following a supper in the dining hall.

Practically all the original pipes were preserved in one way or another, either revoiced or placed in the pedal section. The one original rank of pedal pipes remains but in order to have an independent pedal on which pieces with solos in the bass could be played, a small electro-pneumatic section was introduced. It would have been most desirable to have a complete tracker pedal section; but pedal pipes, being the longest in the organ, are very expensive; also, there was little room to accommodate them, so we compromised.

We now have a much more versatile instrument with standard A.G.O. radiating concave pedal section, more combinations of colorful solos with accompaniment, much more brilliance with upper pitches that the congregation can hear for singing, and a diapason chorus which all organs should afford. It is possible to play contrapuntal music with some degree of satisfaction and much organ music is of that order. The old soft stops also remain.

(The Andover Organ Co.) comes once a year before the end of September to tune and service. This time is chosen in hopes that the sanctuary will need no heat—as the hot air constantly changes the temperature in the organ chamber when it comes on and goes off. If the tuners establish one pitch and tune to that pitch, extra heat raises it and throws all the rest off . . . The tuning may last up to five hours.

The church was most generous to me in allowing me to practice unlimited hours, and it was a privilege to be their organist for so many years. The new knowledge I gained, the unexpected experiences, the many new acquaintances and their willingness to share what they knew with me, the travel—when all are added together, I conclude once more than church organists are exceptionally dedicated, fine people, and being one is the best of avocations.

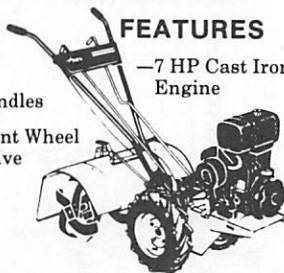
At a special meeting of the Second Congregational Church on October 16, 1977, the members thanked Nancy Longley for her thirty-two years service as organist and for her effort in having the instrument restored by naming it the "Nancy O. Longley Organ."

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Kaisa Kilponen slapped her mouth in anticipation of the turnip pie she was making. Although it had been months since she had used up the last of her own fall turnips, last Thursday Hilja Kyllonen had given her three little blushing turnips, the first from her garden, and the thought of putting those sweet roots into a pie had been on her mind ever since. She was making enough so they'd have cold pie for Saturday supper before *sauna* and there would still be plenty for Sunday supper as well since she couldn't cook on the Sabbath.

The sour rye-meal starter had been working overnight, and the bubbly sponge filled the wooden bowl. She mixed in handfuls of flour until she had a dough that was so stiff it wouldn't take any more and then kneaded it energetically, slamming it on the table top with a loud thump thump. Cutting off a big piece of raw dough, she fitted it into a pie tin and piled it high with slivers of boiled turnip, pork slices, and lumps of fresh butter which was then topped with more dough. The rest she rolled into fat round loaves, enough bread for the next week. The bread her mother used to make back in the old country, in Finland, had had a hole in the center so that the hard black loaves could be hung on a pole across the kitchen ceiling, but in America they didn't do it that way. A lot of things were different in America, but at least she and Matti had turnip pie and their *sauna*.

Turnip pie. Nothing like it, she thought, sucking back the spittle. Now if only Matti would get home early enough, he could have some with her.

Right after breakfast that morning, Matti had rigged up the horse and wagon and had headed for Sumner where he was going to see about getting a pig. Not that going to Sumner was an all-day journey, but Kaisa knew very well that Matti would be stopping by Errki Piirainen's, and the two of them would go down cellar together, so she might not see her husband until Monday morning.

The large pie swelled in the oven and browned nicely. And oh! What a heavenly smell! Just looking at it was enough to make her hungry, but she didn't cut into it. She just left it on the

George Pottle always shouted at his immigrant neighbors. He seemed to think that if he could only speak loudly enough, they'd understand . . . How did it happen that they had been able to get all these farms? Now they were all over the place.

THE DAY GEORGE POTTLE ATE TURNIP PIE

by Rebecca Cummings

The bread Kaisa's mother used to make, back in the old country, in Finland, had had a hole in the center so that the hard black loaves could be hung on a pole across the kitchen ceiling, but in America they didn't do it that way. A lot of things were different in America, but at least she and Matti had turnip pie and their *sauna*.

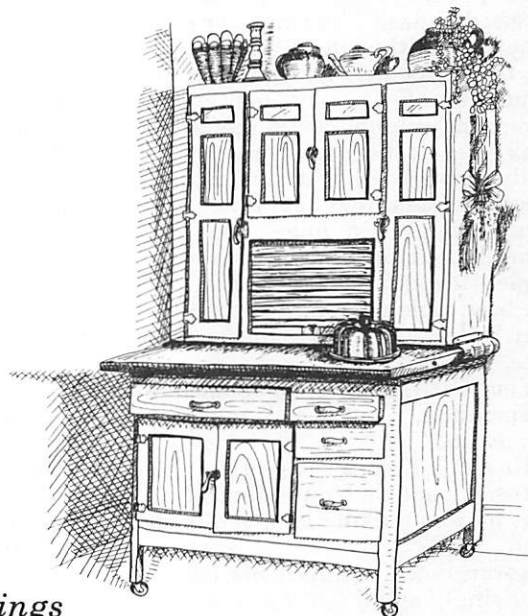


table to cool. But my! my! Didn't it look good!

As soon as the bread had baked and was beside the pie under a clean white cloth, she finished up her inside work and then took her scrub brush and heavy broom to the *sauna* in order to give it a good scrubbing before lighting the fire. As she scoured the floor and wash benches with coarse sand and water, she thought more and more about the savory turnip pie. The more she thought about it, sitting on the table under the white cloth, the hungrier she got, and her stomach gnawed in impatience. Finally, she got the fire blazing. It would have to be fed all afternoon so that by evening there'd be a bed of white coals that would keep the *sauna* hot for hours. Because there was no chimney they had to leave the door

open so that the smoke could pour out. Then she hurried to the house, thinking about turnip pie. Just one piece. Just one little piece.

As she rounded the corner of the house, she was surprised to see a black automobile parked in the front. Of course it belonged to George Pottle, their neighbor. He was the only one for miles who had an automobile. Sure enough. There was fat George Pottle standing in her open doorway. Now why wasn't Matti at home? Like most Finnish wives, Kaisa had never had any reason to learn English since her husband did all the talking for the both of them. But now here she was alone and she'd be forced to try to say something. Gripping the scrub brush and broom, she approached him.

"There you are!" George Pottle bellowed as soon as he saw her.

"Where's Maddy?" He said the name like *Maddy* instead of *Mut-ty*, the way it should have been said. "Where's Maddy?" he again loudly demanded.

"No home! No home!" she said, shaking her head fiercely to prove that he wasn't there.

"No home?" George repeated her words, and then impatiently corrected himself. "You mean he's not at home?" Although he was only a few feet from her, he continued to shout. He always shouted at his immigrant neighbors. He seemed to think that if he could only speak loudly enough, they'd understand. "That's a fine thing! Just fine!" And then he heaved a huge sigh. The bother in having to deal with these people. How did it happen that they had been able to get all these little farms? Now they were all over the place.

"Your COW!" he finally shouted in exasperation. "Your COW is in my corn again!"

"Cow?" Kaisa repeated in confusion, not understanding at all what he was making so much noise about. "Cow?"

George Pottle stomped his foot, a surprisingly small foot for a man of

his great size, and let loose with a string of profanities which it was just as well that Kaisa, a church-going woman, did not understand. Again he sighed, much too loudly. He then thought that if he mimicked the motions of milking, she might understand. Straining to keep himself from toppling over unceremoniously in front of her, he stooped, and pulled vigorously at airy teats. "Mooo . . . mooo . . ." he moaned, thinking he was doing a remarkably fine imitation of a bovine cadence. "Mooo . . ."

"*Lehmaa! Lehmaa!*" Kaisa said in delight, nodding her head excitedly.

George puffed back to his feet—it seemed that finally he was getting somewhere—and jabbed his fat finger in the direction of his corn field.

Kaisa clapped her hands to her face in distress. The cow had gotten loose and was in George Pottle's corn field! He had warned that if it happened again, he'd keep the cow! Heaving aside the scrub brush but clinging to the broom, she whirled and started off through the field at a run.

George Pottle, with an air of self-satisfaction, watched the little

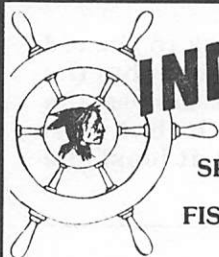
woman bob through the field, the light-colored apron strings flapping against her long dark skirt. He watched until he could no longer see the quaint maroon kerchief that covered her hair.

That cow of theirs had caused no end of damage. This was the third time it had gotten out. Couldn't trust those foreigners to tend their stock. And why wasn't the man at home to take care of it?

Strange, these folks, dressing like that and washing up in the queer way they did. He had seen the smoke pouring out of the little shingled outbuilding when he drove in. Now he knew that was where they took their baths, but when they first moved in, he had thought their building was on fire. And then he had thought that was where they smoked meat. However, Albert Hayes had told him all about it one night at Grange. He said it was like going into the jaws of hell, it was so hot, George could still remember two summers ago when he had gone by in the evening and had seen Matti and another man sitting outside that very bath house without a stitch of clothes on, for all the world to see! It was just as well that his Marjorie, bless her, was no longer with him to have to see such sights. And the things they ate!

Perhaps it was the smell of the freshly baked bread and turnip pie wafting from the open doorway that made George Pottle think of nothing but food. Not that the black bread they ate had ever appealed to him. No sir! That tough-looking bread could never compare to the soft white bread his own mother had taught Marjorie, as a young bride, to make for him. For a moment it irked him that Marjorie, by dying, had deprived him of the bread he had grown used to for over forty years. Life was unfair! However, the thought of the unfairness of life dissolved as the sweet image of Rose Parsons flitted through his mind. He wondered whether she could make bread. This latest housekeeper he had hired had turned out to be nothing but a disappointment.

He had to admit that the smells drifting from the kitchen were mighty appealing. He stepped inside for a look and lifted the corner of the white cloth. His nostrils twitched. Four loaves, all rounded and plump. But what was the strange-looking puffy thing? Because he had had to dash



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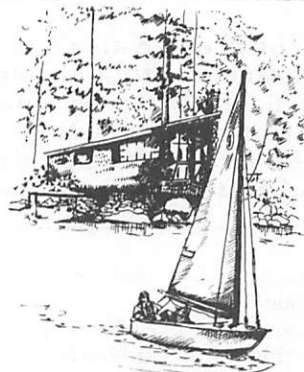
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over, he hadn't taken the time to have his dinner yet, and he was a man who liked to eat at twelve o'clock sharp. He bent over the warm pie and inhaled deeply.

To be fair, George Pottle truly felt that these people owed him something. Wasn't this the third time their cow had gotten into his corn? All that damage! Not to think of the inconvenience! He puffed in indignation. So, at the moment, he felt quite justified in helping himself to the turnip pie. Just recompense, he thought. They owe me for my trouble. It's small enough payment.

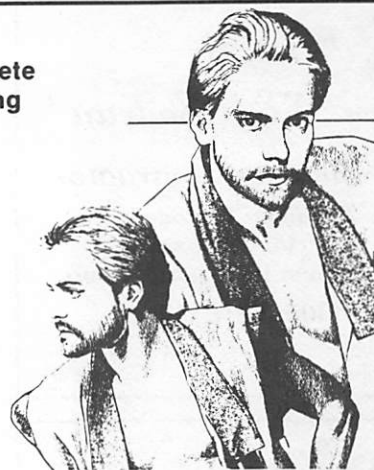
As he drove the tin lizzie towards his house, he hungrily tore out a chunk from the pie. Pieces of slippery yellow turnip slithered through his fingers. Although he had fully expected that he would have to throw the whole mess to his dog Satan because it would be so foreign and odd-tasting, he did nibble gingerly on the edge. Not bad. Not bad at all. In fact, it was tasty enough so that he took a more generous bite, pulling hard with his teeth at the chewy crust. The turnips, pork and freshly-churned butter had all made their own gravy inside the bread so that the filling was rich and moist. And what flavor! He had never had anything like it! He greedily ripped off more, the juices drizzling down his plump hand to be stopped by his shirt sleeve.

Now if George Pottle had known better, he would never have eaten, in a single afternoon, a turnip pie that had been intended for two generous meals for two people for two days. Never! Any Finn would have known better, especially if he had been planning, as George had, on going to the Grange supper and dance later that evening because of Rose Parsons, whom he had finally decided to make the second Mrs. George Pottle. Never! Anyone who has had turnip pie would have known better. But once started, George couldn't resist the pie, and he picked away at it all afternoon until it was all gone.

As always on Grange night, the street around the hall was lined with automobiles and an occasional wagon. Men, with their hair slicked back, milled outside smoking cigarettes and exchanging manly gossip. As George drove in, a small group disappeared around to the rear,

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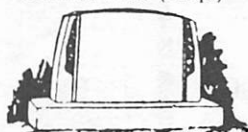
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A native Finn would never have eaten, in a single afternoon, a turnip pie that had been intended for two generous meals for two people for two days. Never! Especially if he had been planning, as George had, on going to the Grange supper and dance later that evening.

most likely to share a covert flask. Inside there was the usual hustle as the ladies, in their Saturday evening finery, put out laden dishes of beans and cole slaw and hot biscuits on long tables.

George had no difficulty in finding Rose who, as usual, was flanked by her two aging parents. When it was time to be seated, George jovially took a place across from the Parsons. Although he was not in the least bit hungry, to be sociable he had a generous helping of the molasses-sweetened beans, a fair-sized portion of cole slaw, and only two biscuits.

Adelaide Parsons commented on George's waning appetite and solicitously inquired whether he might not have a touch of the gripe that was affecting the area, but George denied any infirmity. "No. No. No. It's no gripe at all," he claimed, "Just not much appetite."

Adelaide Parsons looked knowingly at her husband.

George directed his attentions to shy Rose who smiled up at him through distorting round eyeglasses. George Pottle might be nearly old enough to be her father and a bit more rotund than she had secretly dreamed her lover would be, but he was gentlemanly and would be a good provider. His was one of the biggest farms around. She couldn't help but think of the future. There was no denying that her parents adored her, their only child, but time was marching on, and they wouldn't be there forever. She had thought of going to Lewiston or off to Massachusetts to work in one of the the mills, but that thought thoroughly frightened her.

As soon as the tables had been cleared away, the Stowe Brothers four piece orchestra went to the platform to warm up. It was while the couples were forming for the Grand March that George realized he might be having some intestinal distress.

Sometimes, even in the most hearty Finn, turnips and soured yeast bread sits heavily in the lower regions of the digestive tract. For anyone unused to the combination, for anyone who has also eaten a plateful

of Boston baked beans, the results could be disconcerting in mixed company. George, with a forced smile, dabbed at his sweaty forehead with a handkerchief, and Rose clung to his arm as though she'd never let loose.

A pregnant silence settled over the Grange hall floor. The marchers waited for the music to begin. In that very moment of awesome quiet, the trapped gasses in George's lower colon exploded in an enormous, voluble, effluvial fart.

All heads turned. Rose started open-mouthed at George, who stood in shock as a flush slowly crept up from the top of his starched white collar to his high shiny forehead.

Finally a muffled snigger from one of the spectators broke the hush. The single snigger grew and grew into an uproar. And then, with a sensational flourish, the orchestra commenced the Grand March.

Rose fled for her wrap and insisted her mama and papa take her home. That night, unlike other Grange nights, the Parsons left without so much as a "good evening" to George who, despite his ponderous size, bounded out the side door into the fresh, cooling evening air, completely unaware that Tom Elliot and Mavis Walker had almost stopped breathing as they waited for him to pass by their concealing lilac bush.

As for Kaisa, when she finally returned home that afternoon, wielding the broom behind the big brown cow, she was so hungry, she thought she might drop. After her cow had been well tied, she went into the kitchen, prepared to cut into the turnip pie she had been savoring all morning. How surprised she was to find only the four loaves of bread under the white cloth! Am I getting so old, she thought, that I just imagined making it? No, she knew she had made it, but it was no longer there. The door, she remembered, had been left open. A dog? Could a stray dog have made its way in? That had to be the answer. What else could have happened? A dog had come in and stolen her pie!

Reproving herself for having been

so careless, she appeased her hunger with a big slab of rye bread, applied generously with good churned butter and a glass of cool buttermilk. As she chewed, she wondered what she would give her husband to eat if he should return that day with the pig.

Ms. Cummings lives in Wells.



Clothespins

Fiction by Pat White Gorrie

John was finishing up his eggs when Meg left to do her shopping. Wiping his mouth, he took up his jacket and chainsaw and headed across the field as soon as she was out of sight.

A twinge of discomfort pulled at the pit of his stomach. It was a feeling that usually accompanied some thread of guilt curling within him, but he dismissed it as having eaten too fast.

He passed by the opening in the trees that separated his land from the tiny parcel old Ira had kept for himself when he sold the rest to them. John glanced over toward the rusty trailer and hoped he wouldn't see Ira out in the yard, though he suspected he was out hunting rabbits, for there had been a shot not long before. There was nothing wrong with the old man's aim despite his age, John knew.

He resented Ira's self-sufficiency and silently cursed his own mounting inability to cope with the problems that had piled steadily on them since moving up here. To himself he would admit the jealousy, but never to Meg.

She had not been eager to make the leap from metropolis to rural life in the first place.

"John, we've got to think long and hard about it," she had said with her voice of reason, looking at him with those earnest gray eyes. "What do we really know about farming?"

But he had taken the plunge, sold everything, and made the move. They read books and government pamphlets. They asked a lot of questions.

The day the lambs arrived her eyes had glistened as she touched the wooly heads. Then she had leaned close to his chest, her arms around his waist, not saying anything. He felt her hope, her joy.

That was before reality had set in and their ignorance was laid bare for the natives to see. Lambs died, calves died, chickens were eaten by foxes, their second-hand tractor broke down, grain bills mounted, vet bills shocked them, hay lay threatening to rot. And their well went dry. Nothing got done to the house. They had planned to insulate and restore and re-shingle, but that would have to wait.

Through it all, John stubbornly refused to admit he had jumped too soon, even when the man who brought them fresh livestock looked him in the eye and said, "You know, I'm waiting to buy you folks out. Give me a call when you're ready."

He had told Meg later, "They'll never get this place! By God, we'll make it."

Together they plunged into the fields to turn the hay with a pitchfork when the tractor broke; together they carried water and wood and shovelled manure and cleaned pens.

She stood by him and spoke no recriminations, but every mishap made him cringe, for his pride was at stake.

Why was everything so hard? He felt them—the natives—standing back and watching to see what would happen next, when he would fail, finally and for good . . . and then he wondered if he was becoming paranoid.

"We just have to learn to understand them," Meg would say. "They're good people, John."

He even, in the deepest dark of the night with Meg lying beside him in exhausted slumber, would lay with open eyes staring toward the ceiling and ask himself if he should give up and move back to where his own roots were, where he did not feel the painful lack of friends and family. But the stubbornness and idealism in his nature would rise with him in the morning and he would plunge ahead into another day.

Mainers, he knew, were bred for endurance. Their brains and muscle and heart and lungs sometimes seemed to him a step ahead of

Page 31 . . .



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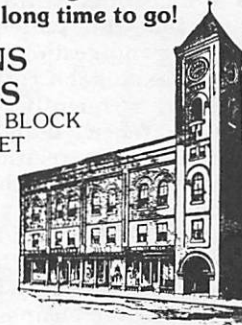
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Medicine

For The Hills

by Dr. Michael Lacombe

ANGINA PECTORIS

As patients so often remind us, pain from the heart is never really a pain. It is usually described as a dull, steady pressure, a constricting feeling in the chest, or, more often, as indigestion. Unfortunately, the physician and patient alike often interpret indigestion as originating from the stomach rather than from the heart, frequently with disastrous results. When indigestion arises, especially if in relation to exercise, exertion, or emotion, the possibility of angina pectoris or pain from the heart should be considered.

A few cases to illustrate:

Case report: J. G. R., a forty-five-year-old successful businessman, played tennis twice a week, split his own wood, and looked closer to thirty than fifty. He was physically fit, without an ounce of fat, and felt he would live forever. During a doubles match an intense gas pain in the pit of his stomach produced a clod sweat and a temporary stoppage of play. The two-martini lunch was probably the cause, thought he and his partner. He died before morning.

Case Report: S. B. A. was a trim, active, thirty-eight-year-old teacher. She had been on and off the pill for eleven years. Her father had a heart attack, dying from coronary disease at age forty-nine. Two of her paternal uncles died suddenly in their forties. She, however, considered heart disease to be a man's problem and not of any concern to her. S. B. A.'s triglycerides were 1240 milligrams per cent. She was unaware of the fact, as was her doctor, who mechanically prescribed the birth control pills each year after the ritualistic Pap smear. Her doctor thought, as did she, that heart attacks don't happen to pretty young women. She began jogging to shed five pounds and was found dead on the roadside.

Case Report: R. W. H. was fifty-five. He had had a heart attack three years

previously. After three weeks in the hospital at that time, with blood pressure pills prescribed for a time, and six months of doctor's visits, he considered himself cured. He had no problems until two weeks ago when he experienced aching in the left side of his neck with any exertion at all. A few days later he began experiencing the same neck discomfort at rest. He attributed the discomfort to a pulled muscle. His wife found him dead in bed.

Pain from compromised circulation to the heart, pain from angina pectoris that is, is usually atypical. Ignorance of this fact on the part of the patient or the doctor can be lethal. About one-half of all deaths from myocardial infarction (a heart attack) occur within the first two hours and fifteen minutes of the onset of pain. Three-fourths of all pain occurs within the first twenty-four hours of the onset of the heart attack. Most of these deaths are preventable. People die because they fail to recognize symptoms and deny their significance. A heart attack is not necessarily an end to life, although people in failing to diagnose the problem or suspect it, often die needlessly from them.

Too often we think of the heart as a mechanical device, remembering terms such as pump, the old ticker, valves. We liken the heart to a Rolls Royce with a sealed hood and a lifetime guarantee. The heart is, in fact, alive, just as much flesh and blood as a nose or a big toe and deserving of as much consideration, or more. To keep it living and doing its job, three large arteries course along its surface (the coronary arteries) and supply the heart with oxygen and nutrients. Life depends upon these three arteries. Unfortunately, the original blueprints did not provide for an emergency back-up system. This is the way things were designed, and we have to live with it.

When one of these arteries, or a branch of one, becomes plugged, a portion of the heart muscle is deprived of its blood supply. This plugging is signalled in a number of ways. There may be pain. The heart may not beat or pump properly. Most importantly, the heart may become quite irritable and discharge electrical impulses affecting the

rhythmicity of the heart. These impulses can jam the transmission of healthy signals normally pacing the heart. If this happens, the entire heart muscle, instead of pumping in concerted effort, twitches ineffectively. This random twitching of the heart, called ventricular fibrillation, fails to pump any blood at all, and the brain, deprived of oxygen, will die within four minutes. These irritable electrical impulses occur primarily during the first twenty-four hours of the heart attack. The fibrillation which ensues is the cause of sudden death during that period of time. The degree of irritability does not depend upon the amount of heart muscle damaged. A miniscule portion of irritable muscle can trigger fibrillation and result in death. The irritability can easily be treated with drugs, and the twitching can be converted to normal pumping again with an electrical shock to the chest, if only physicians and special care nurses are given the opportunity to do so. Intensive care units with heart monitors watching for abnormal electrical impulses and nurses who are trained to read these monitors exist because of these very problems. The problem is to get the person with a new heart attack into an intensive care unit before ventricular fibrillation kills them.

Most commonly the coronary artery does not become plugged all at once. The narrowing of the artery is a gradual process instead. When the narrowing process becomes severe, the supply of blood and oxygen to the body will not increase when the heart is asked to increase its work. The result is pain during exertion, which we call angina pectoris. It is relieved by rest, lasts only a few minutes, and results in no damage to the heart. People with known heart disease can live for years with daily angina pectoris. The appearance of new angina, or a change in the pattern of existing angina (that is, angina provoked more easily, lasting a longer period of time, or occurring more often) is a warning that critical changes are taking place in a diseased coronary artery. To ignore the warning is to risk sudden death. Angina, or heart pain, is felt as a discomfort not in the heart area, but elsewhere. It may be felt centrally in the chest under the breast bone, or radiate up into the neck, jaw, or down

the arm (usually the left, or sometimes both). Angina may be felt in a wrist or in the back. A person complaining of left arm pain, which occurs while climbing stairs, probably has angina pectoris. The discomfort is usually dull, steady, and deep. It is seldom felt as a sharp, stabbing pain. It has been variously described as like a tightening, a dull pressure, or a weight on the chest, or as a dull, steady gas pain. Angina may be undistinguishable from the feeling of indigestion. It may be brought on by cold weather and by emotion, as well as by exertion.

A heart attack occurs when a coronary artery becomes totally plugged. The pain of a heart attack, or myocardial infarction, is similar in type to that of angina, but more severe, and it persists much longer. The pain is very intense and very frightening. A victim seldom senses impending doom. It is incredible that a person can endure such an experience and yet, after the pain leaves, ignore its possible significance. Yet, too many people do just that. It is incredible also that antacids are often prescribed by physicians over the phone time and time again when a patient calls his physician and complains of a dull, steady, severe indigestion.

People are lost to us forever when they ignore, minimize, or fail to act upon the symptoms described above. We need to be more responsible for our own welfare and for the welfare of those around us. One can never be criticized for insisting that a person with severe chest discomfort seek prompt medical attention.

REFLECTIONS AT BIDDEFORD POOL

I am listening to the sea,
A haunting sound of lofty waves
Rising up from eternity.

I am watching the silver foam
Swirling about the jagged rocks
And fishing boats headed for home.

I am following sanderlings
Darting about the incoming tide
While gulls float by on silent wings.

I am conjuring up golden days
And all the old friends I once knew
Before we chose separate ways.

Jack Barnes
Hiram

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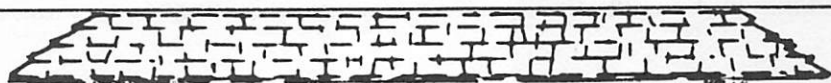
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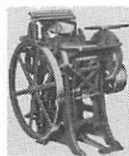
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Entries cannot be returned.

Never

Acrid
Bitter
tears
That are non-tears
Well . . . and wither.
Wasteland
fear
Gripping its stranglehold
On the well-spring
Of life.
Tipped,
The pitcher trickles
Only a few grains
Of briny sand . . .
. . . parched . . .
Burning
Tears
That are
Non-tears.
I'll cry tomorrow.

Janice Bigelow
West Minot



Aurora

This poem was born when the
Northern Lights were out dancing.
The Eskimoes used to say they are the
spirit of a child who has died going up
to heaven.

I saw
the spirit
of a child
flowing
from the frozen
north—
floating
in the midnight
pink on clear
in blinking
vaporous
pulse—
across the sky
dipping, lapping, dripping
into the
oceanous
speckled sea,
sealing
the small expansive
life-washed light
in His
enveloping
Heavens

Shannon L. Martin
Bryant Pond

... Page 27 Clothespins

everybody else's in the evolutionary scale. They were shrewd, too, and seemed full of secrets.

Ira had become a symbol to him, and John was sure-as-anything that to Ira, he, John was the symbol of the upstart out-of-stater, come to encroach upon the land, "change things."

The old guy gave him the creeps more and more lately, turning up where and when you least expected it, as if the place were still his and John and Meg the trespassers.

"Damn, I'm running out of patience with him," John thought. "Bad enough finding him wandering around in the barn or up in the loft. It's a little too much, him poppin' in before the wife is even dressed in the morning, and throwing wood in the stove so the coffee will be hot—as if it were still his kitchen—and sitting there for two hours filling her up with his talk and giving me dirty looks as I wander in and want my breakfast."

Now he picked his way through the scrubby growth and fallen timber toward the stand of old birch that stood like a cluster of kings in the midst of ancient pines. His shoulders had a stiff set to them as if he were bracing himself for battle and his face wore an expression stiff and frozen, the brows bulging forward in a straight unbroken line that shadowed his eyes.

He approached the trees, their white bark gleaming in the shaft of light that shot between the pines, and stood looking at them. He had felled two the day before and there they lay, as if fallen in battle.

He was still irritable from the fight with his wife over Ira and the trees and couldn't quite forgive her siding with the old man.

"John," she had said, "he can't live forever. Those birch mean a lot to him. He planted them. His wife loved them 'til the day she died. She planted daffodils under them right in with the ladyslippers. John, what else does he have? He sold us his land. We're in the house where he raised his family. His memories are all he has."

"Sell something else—a cow, some sheep—the birch can wait until he goes."

But panic and rage mingled and rose inside his head as she tried to reason with him, and her words could not make the fact of his terrible indebtedness go away. He "owed" everything and could borrow no more. He needed a new tractor or over a thousand dollars to repair the old one. Even taking the part-time job at the mill wasn't solving the problems, and it doubled the physical burdens on both of them.

If he were to get top dollar for the birch, he would have to sell them now, before the Taiwan imports dropped the bottom out of the local clothespin market. If he waited a year or two, those birch might only go for half. The factory wanted them. John couldn't see Ira entering into the thing at all, and the more he thought about the old man's interference, the more his blood seemed to boil and bulge inside his head.

He felt beads of sweat gather on his upper lip. He hung his jacket on a broken branch that jutted out from a half-dead spruce, and rolled up his sleeves. The silence seemed heavy, like the air.

The roar of his saw burst the silence.

He must have been at it for 15 or 20 minutes when some slight disturbance of form caught at the edge of his vision. He whirled on his heel and looked toward the shadow of trees.

Ira stared back at him from where he sat on an oak stump, a dead rabbit at his feet, his rifle resting on his lap. He was as immobile and unblinking as he were carved there.

"Jesus Christ!" The words shot out of John's mouth as he jumped like a startled deer. "What the hell are you doin' here?"

Ira kept on staring at him, unspeaking, his old eyes hanging loose at the bottom lids like a basset hound's. His wrinkled hand twitched a trifle on the gun. The soiled shirt and pants he wore hung as if they were empty on the inside and there was no sign of breath moving them in and out. For a moment John wondered if Ira had had a stroke.

"Told you to stay away from them birches," the old man muttered.

John's eyes widened in anger and he shouted at the old man in an explosion of impatience.

"We bought this land fair and square! These are my trees, goddamn it, ya hear that? Not yours. If I want to cut these trees down and sell 'em, by God, I'll do it!"

"Them birches stay where they be. Ain't nobody gonna make clothespins outa them birches."

John laid down the saw and took a step toward Ira, stabbing his finger toward him to make his point, his face contorted with fury. "Get up off that goddamn tree and get the hell out of here. I've been patient with you long enough. I don't give a damn if you did live here all your whole goddamn life and your whole string of goddamn back to the caveman days. You sold the place and it's ours, and we need the money from these trees. Now get outa here and don't come creepin' around trying to scare the wife and me with your goddamn spooky presence."

John wouldn't have thought it possible for someone so still one moment to be able to move so quickly the next, especially someone 86 years old, but then, when Ira shot him in the head, it happened so fast he never gave it a thought.

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PLACING MAIN STREET

The BitterSweet Winter 1981 picture is none other than Main Street, Norway, looking toward Advertiser Square . . . At the left is the Bial Bradbury house. The New England Furniture is there now. At one time there was a fountain in front of the Bradbury house. (There used to be a fan-tail goldfish as long as there was a grounds keeper working.)

The shaded elms of Main Street were beautiful, weren't they? Too bad that disease destroyed them. The trees on Pleasant Street too provided an ideal pastoral setting for living and growing up in Norway. Enjoy your magazine very much.

Rev. Don L. McAllister
St. Joseph Mercy Hospital
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Ed. Note: Anna Henderson also identified the Main Street photograph. Because of the response elicited by this photograph, we are interested in printing other shots of Main Street, Norway during the past couple of centuries. If you have any photos that you would be willing to share, please send them to us at P. O. Box 6, Norway 04268; or drop them off at Western Maine Graphics. We will treat them with care and will return them if you include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

... Page 15 The Reehls

Along those same lines, the Reehls are very interested in developing a course outline for a creative career approach for schools—teaching young people to analyze a situation and apply their talents to finding a unique career. Learning adaptability and versatility could be an answer for both unemployment and boredom, they believe. And in New England, where adaptability is highly prized, creative problem solving should really catch on quickly.

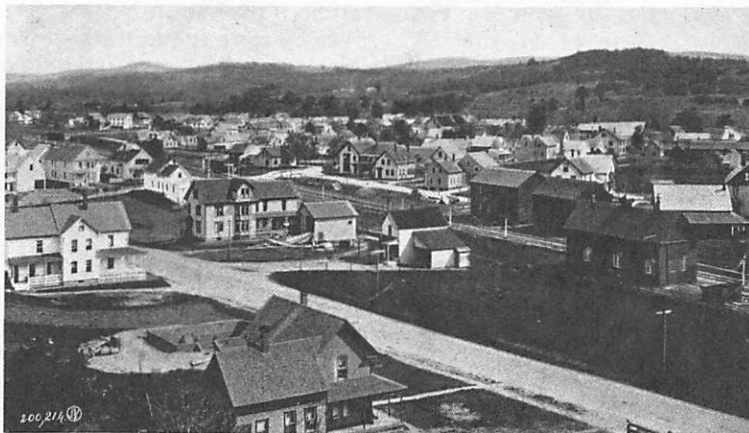
Benny explains: "If you have to be (merely) competitive, you haven't found how to be unique. If you originate something, it's yours forever and no one else can do it as well."

"A lot of education prepares you for an existing job. Our approach is the antithesis. Find out where you want to live, how much money you need; then create jobs to fit your talents. It's more pioneer-oriented."

It worked for Benny and Denise Reehl—who left what everyone else was doing and came north. They designed their house for the climate and their lifestyle. They built their occupations the same way—to fit their family and talents and the time in which we live.

Can You Place It?

If you recognize this locality, write us at P. O. Box 6, Norway, ME 04268. The first to identify it will receive a free subscription to BitterSweet.



Both Eva Mason of South Portland and Warren Martin of Harrison identified last month's photo as the Wyonegonic Inn at North Bridgton. Now a part of Bridgton Academy, it is recalled by Mr. Martin to have been The Lake House in 1873 when it was owned by John Martin; and The Songo from 1902 to 1920 when Silas Meserve ran it. In the 1920's, Mel Wilbur owned it and used it as a summer guest house for the Wyonegonic Hotel across the street. Until the completion of the new Bridgton Academy cafeteria/student union, it was used to feed B.A. students.



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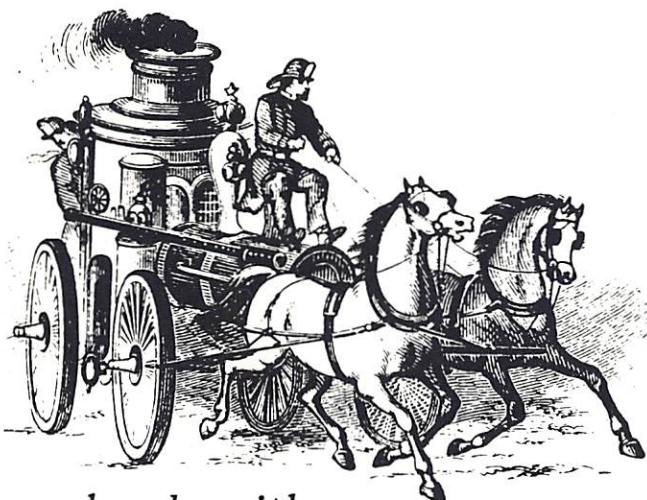
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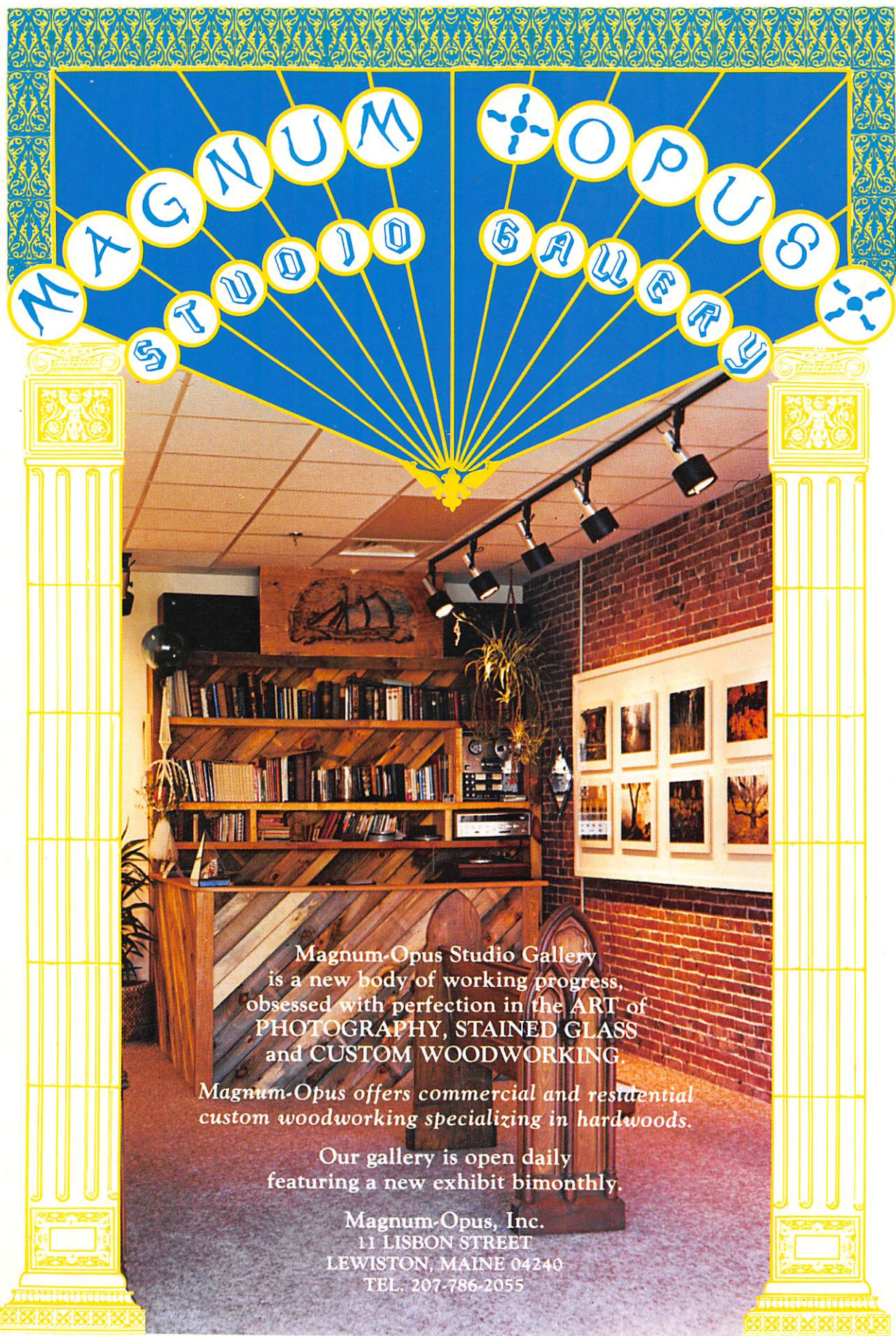
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